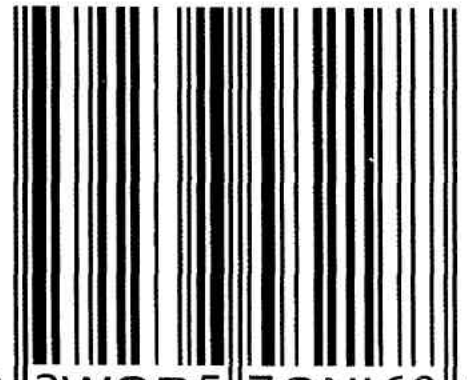
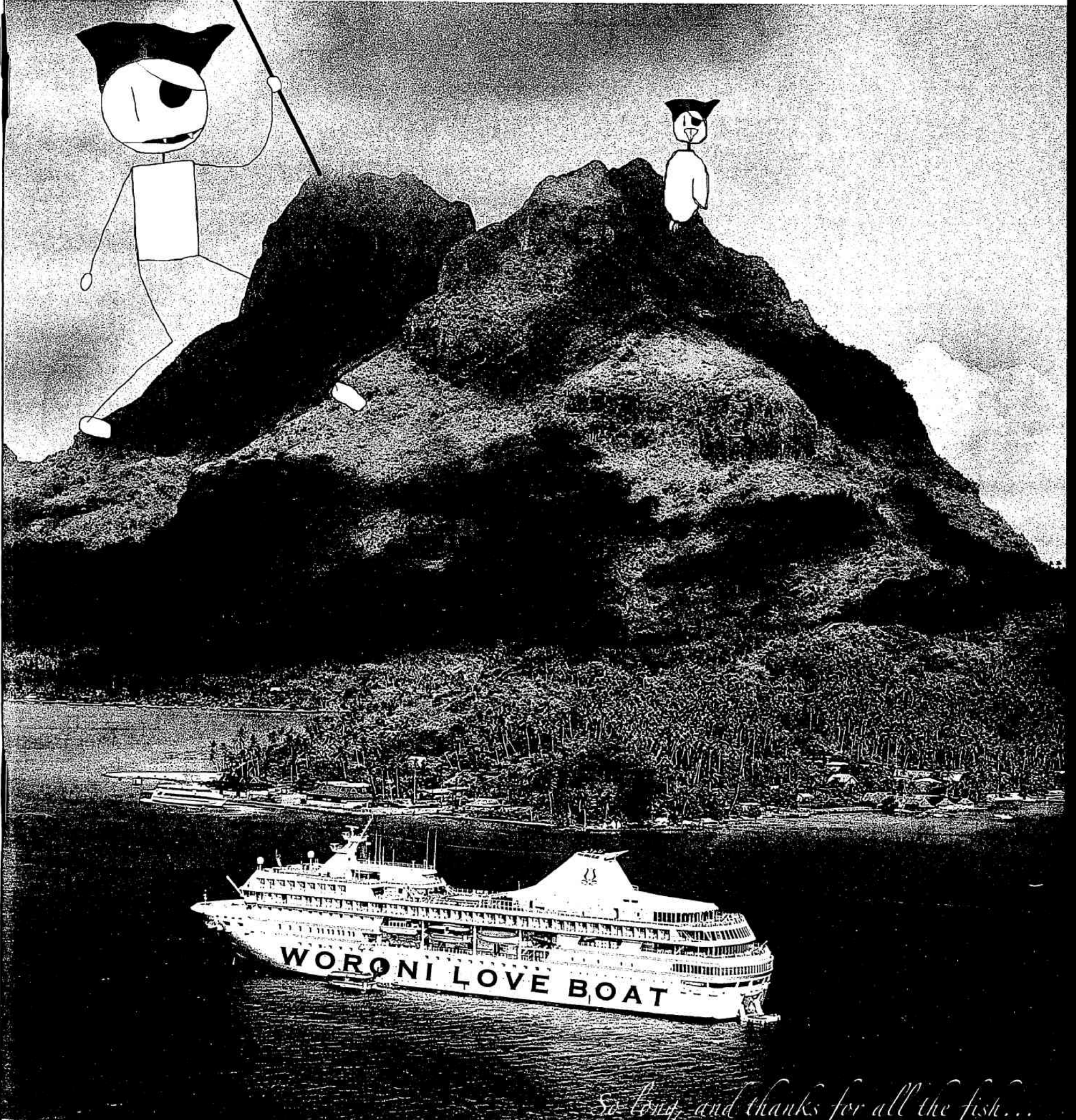


PIRATES



9 3WOR5 7ONI60 2  
ISSUE 8. 2005.



*So long, and thanks for all the fish...*

If you are not a bus...

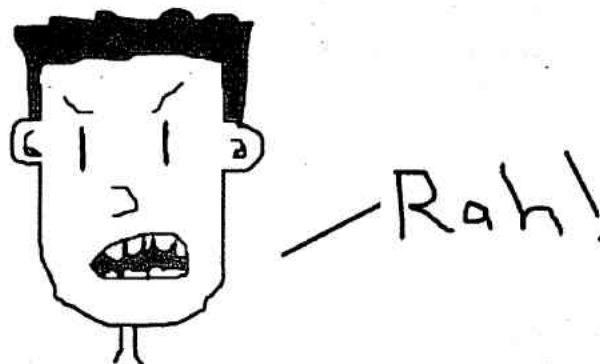
Hello.  
Yes. A bus.  
\$1.30 thanks



... it's creepy to pretend that you are...

© melpi

7 out of 10 people who eat jelly babies as children...



will grow up to have cannibalistic tendencies...

© melpi

## Comics

By Mel Pilkington

### PARENTING ROOMS For Students & Staff



The University provides two new parenting rooms.

- Chifley Library, 3<sup>rd</sup> floor
- Acton Early Childhood Centre, 22 Balmain Cres.

Features of this service include:

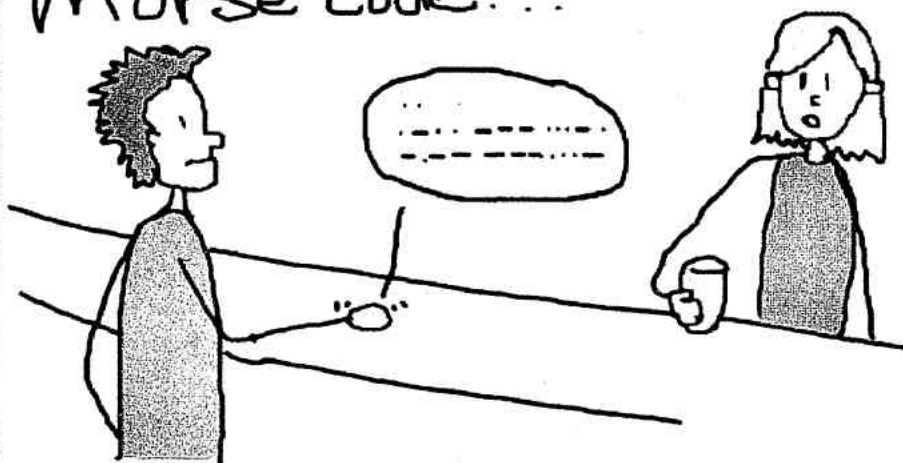
- Key card access for privacy
- Baby changing table
- Nappy disposal unit
- Privacy screen for breastfeeding
- Comfortable chairs
- Kitchenette

For information on accessing these new facilities please contact Equity & Diversity staff:

T: 6125 3352/6125 3868

E: [EquityandDiversity@anu.edu.au](mailto:EquityandDiversity@anu.edu.au)  
[www.anu.edu.au/equity](http://www.anu.edu.au/equity)

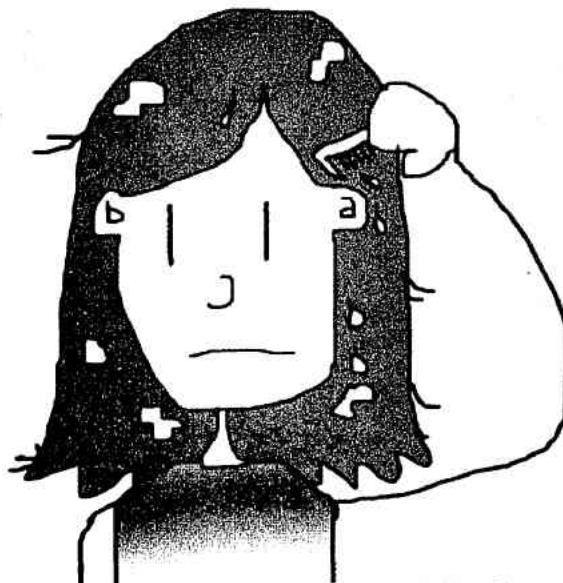
I tried to tell you that I loved you in Morse code...



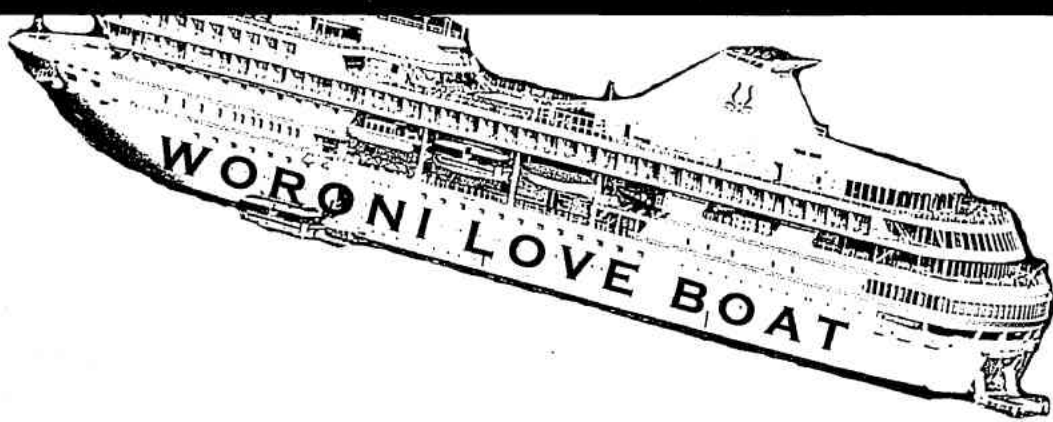
but you just thought I was being impatient for my beer...

© melpi

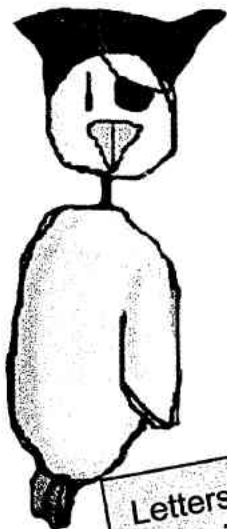
This honeycomb doesn't work as well as I thought it would...



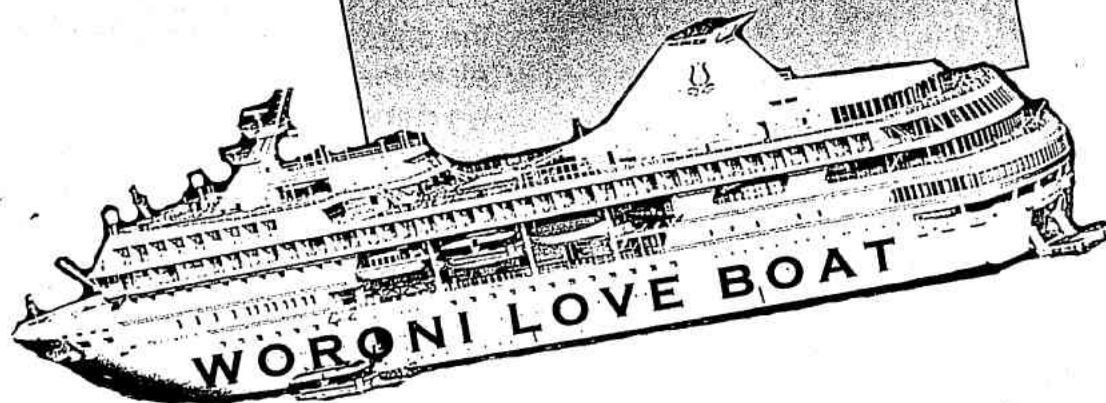
© melpi



*So long, and thanks for all the fish...*



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Woroni Volume 57

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Cover by Lucy Stackpool

We, the Woroni Editors, wish to acknowledge the Ngunnawal people as the original inhabitants of the land that our office is situated upon.

In its fifty-seventh year, Woroni is the official magazine of the Australian National University's Students' Association ('ANUSA'). The ideas communicated through articles and images printed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editors or of office-holders at ANUSA. Woroni is published by the Directors of Student Publications for ANUSA.

Woroni has been printed by Can-Print Communications Pty Ltd.

Their email is:  
canprint@canprint.com.au

**Thankyou:**

Woroni, Rachael Kendrick, Steven Wright, Lee Dewar, Alex Purdon, Aparna Rao, Rachel Allen, Laura Crespo, Sarah Firth, Michelle Bond, Stephen Still, Tamara Russell, DSP, two great gentlemen pirates (RIP) Mister Benny Cutbush and Mister Hushy Moto, all of our contributors and our beautiful sub-editors.

# Fan and Hate Mail

Many thanks to all Woroni letter writers throughout the year.  
Enjoy your summer holidays!

## Parking on Campus Sucks the Big Banana

Hi,  
I would like someone to write a bit about the unbelievably 'selfish' parking of not only P platers but others as well.

This is my final academic year at Uni and it amazes me how people park, especially since the car parks are very busy, like the one near the Hancock building and across the road at the football field of Barry Drive.

Thanks, my big 'whinge'  
Helen

**[Lucy: Yeah, we tried to do something about it with the Woroni parking tags in Issue One. Not to detract from the almighty power of Woroni, but to be honest, I don't think it worked. And then there's petrol. Well, I'd certainly give up my licence and tin-pot car if going over speed bumps in fourth gear wasn't so much fun (places are still open for my Summer Driving School). So good luck, Helen, and I hope you won't have to navigate the public service carparks next year.]**

## Splat Guy Sticks It to Chloe, Unions and Teflon

Dear Woroni,

Chloe Persing complained in your last issue about "posters personally attacking Aparna [Rao] and her role as SA President."

As the creator of those posters, I was pleased to get some feedback. In particular: "Not only is the poster ridden with poor attempts at humour, the underlying argument is also of question-

able quality." I admit, my humour was always going to come off second best - after all, the student union is surely the biggest joke on campus. It would be pretty hard for me to beat their \$2.5 million (sic) of compulsory, GSF-funded hilarity. The poster's argument, however, was simple and valid - the union and student association (sic) foster endless gorging at the trough of students' money.

But I must disagree vehemently with one accusation Ms Persing made. She ended her letter by saying the poster "leads me to wonder about its creators' professionalism as prospective office-holders of the SA". For the record, I wouldn't be caught dead running for office in a student union. I do have some standards.

Very truly yours,  
SG

## Word Up

Dear Woroni,

You guys are folly (sic).

From Alex Purdon.

## Sarah Edwards' Reflections on Bill Viola's, *The Passions*

Movements, slow  
Portraits made anew,  
Alive  
held captive,  
images in the screen,  
moving through time  
slow,  
slow down  
a message  
in the picture

Alone I wander in the half light

Navigating, passages  
entering the dark  
sounds enfold me  
the night  
Insects, roaring, wave-like  
Crashing, roiling  
On and on incessantly  
Alone, I ponder  
Wakeful fright

Sitting against the wall  
a man held in thrall  
Endlessly watching  
The ocean floor  
The light slashes through the water  
blue beams, so light  
I fall, down, deep  
Crashing, pounding waves  
I rest in the deep  
Slowly falling through time and space  
Bubbles, air, escape, up they flow  
As down I go  
hair streaming out  
till I am no more  
But for a red sunset  
upon my blue tomb

I see you standing there  
Watching the scene unfold  
I see your eyes on me  
I wonder anew, what secrets you hold  
churning in turmoil  
I wonder  
who are we to say goodnight?  
And yet the blood wells  
from wounds left bare  
the sun, the dark  
intermingling  
red  
all I see is RED  
blood  
the dead  
All is dead  
we came from nothing  
we send others to nothing  
the sound of falling, like a waterfall  
as the world turns  
Turns over in her sleep  
A lullaby to forget the past  
to forget the tears we have wept  
GOODNIGHT

# Editorial

Originally the theme for Woroni's last issue was going to be Work. The premise behind this idea was an attempt to score advertising from various firms who wanted to chain graduates to a life of white-collar work. However, as the year progressed and our editorial team changed, we felt that Woroni should maintain some standard of integrity, no matter how diminished, and felt that catering an entire issue around an exercise in revenue raising was somehow surrendering to The Man. While Lucy wanted the theme of Art, Chloe pressured her fellow Editor to pander to her indulgent wishes and succumb to the theme of Pirates. After much hesitation and various verbal spats, Lucy gave in and thus the theme was set at Pirates.

Who doesn't love pirates? How many of us have made paper hats in a drunken state, or said Arrrggh to the point of utter annoyance? Who didn't watch Peter Pan as a child and fall in love with the character of Smee? Who hasn't attempted to saw off one of their housemate's legs in the middle of the night, and replaced it with a piece of wood only so as they could make peg-leg jokes the next morning at breakfast? Okay, perhaps the last suggestion was a stretch, but the point is having Pirates as a theme for a uni newspaper allows for silliness, a quality that is often forgotten at this time of year when essays seem to be the only things on our mind. But if you're of the uptight variety and can't bear to read 48 pages of utter stupidity (insert the obvious joke about student media), then we suggest you use the paper from this publication to make a pirate hat, as shown in the photographs to your left. For those of you with a sense of humour and/or child-like wonder, we say "Arrrrrggh me 'earties" and read on.

Lots of Eye-Patch Love and Shoulder-Parrot Cuddles,  
Chloe and Lucy



# News

## Go8 Powerhouse Presents Structural Redevelopment Plan

By Ralph Otto

Ian Chubb and his fellow vice-chancellors of the Group of Eight universities have flexed their figurative muscles in recent weeks, revealing a plan that will overhaul the Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee (AVCC) executive structure.

Revealed in a secret letter to AVCC President Di Yerbury, the proposed plan is believed to suggest a remodelling of the AVCC after the German Rectors Conference. It would also introduce a full-time president of the lobby group, instead of the current system of a standing Vice-Chancellor being in control.

It is likely to curtail the representative power of the AVCC and splinter the already divided collation of Australia's 38 universities.

The controversial nature of Education Minister Brendan Nelson's recent reforms has split the AVCC, its members finding it increasingly difficult to unite in response to changes. The Group of Eight (Go8), comprising of The Australian National University, Monash University, and the universities of Melbourne, Sydney, Queensland, Western Australia, Adelaide and New South Wales, are generally considered to be research-based institutions and as such will be affected differently by Nelson's reforms than other Australian universities.

Although there have always been differences of opinions within the AVCC throughout its 85-year history, serious cracks have started to show between the member institutions as their interests diverge. In August, the Go8 publicly made a stand against the AVCC's comments in response to the new research quality network.

At present, not many details are known regarding the Go8 proposition, as it was secretly presented to AVCC President Di Yerbury.

At the time of going to print, no comments were forthcoming from non-Go8 AVCC members.

## Nelson in Supposed Peril

By Shane Gerald

In fear that police could not ensure his safety, Education Minister Brendan Nelson has withdrawn from an education conference at the University of Sydney.

Claiming he was informed by police they could not guarantee his protection should he attend the Schooling for the Twenty-First Century Conference, Nelson called off his visit before making critical comments regarding the University of Sydney.

50 supposedly 'hardcore' students had gathered to protest the introduction of voluntary student unionism (VSU), while another 100 students blocked entrance into the building in which Nelson was meant to present a speech.

Describing the crowd as supposedly "being out of control," this cancellation was the second time Nelson has withdrawn from events fearing for his safety. The first was in August when he did not attend the University of Technology in Sydney because of protestors. Health Minister Tony Abbott has also withdrawn from an event at University of Sydney due to safety reasons related to student protests.

While students on the day claimed Nelson's withdrawal was a success in the fight against VSU, Nelson berated USyd for not lifting "a finger to see that the nation's Education Minister can actually attend a university ... without a veritable army of police."

"I think the management of Sydney University and some of the others need to have a long hard look at themselves and the extent to which they are prepared to support living in a democratic society where elected Government Ministers can go about their business safely," he said.

Students who participated in the demonstration however, maintain it was peaceful with no violent intent. No charges have been made against students.

NSW Police denied informing Nelson about any danger in relation in the protest, even ranking the students as a low security risk.

## Uni Report Card released - nine months late!

By Tristan Murphy

The Higher Education Report, 2004-2005 has finally been released, late, and without much fanfare, despite being an important source of information regarding the state of Australian universities.

The Federal Government report, which was collated by the Department of Education, Science and Training, suggests that the higher education sector is in a relatively sound financial position.

However, it acknowledges great changes are likely to occur under Education Minister Dr. Brendan Nelson's reforms.

Included in the report is confirmation that the 944, 977 university students in Australia are paying over \$2.6 billion in fees and charges every year. This is a twenty-two per cent increase on the previous year. The majority of full-fee paying students are international, but an increasing section of Australian students are choosing to pay upfront.

The number of university students has increased forty-nine per cent since 1996 with international students numbers rising the most.

It has been suggested this reliance upon international student's full-fee paying may be misplaced considering Asian universities are expected to dramatically improve in years to come (see next article).

National HECS debt has reached \$11.6 billion in 2005, while the report suggests it will reach \$13 billion next year - a threefold increase over the last decade. The Government insists that this has been offset by an increase in the repayment threshold. At present students can earn up to \$35 000 without being required to repay HECS.

However, critics claim the increase in fees is detrimental to Australian education. Opposition Education spokesperson Jenny Macklin said, "Under the Howard Government, the average HECS fee paid by Australian university students has doubled and that is discouraging many young people from going to university."

## Emerging Tigers Threaten Australian Campuses By *Clavdivs*

Asian universities are about to be greatly improved in the wake of a debilitating skills shortage, predominantly caused by the high calibre reputation of their Australian counterparts. These new world-class campuses could result in a massive decline in the number of full-fee paying international students attending Australian universities from Asia.

The leading international ratings agency, Standard & Poor's, has reported that Australian universities are literally kept afloat by their international students who have to pay all their university fees in full and up-front. The vast majority of these international students come from India, Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, Hong Kong and China.

These countries, though, have recognised the threat posed by Australian universities which have caused skills shortages throughout much of South-East Asia. As such, they have all embarked on various programs to combat this 'brain drain' including the redevelopment of their campuses, and associated tertiary education infrastructure, set to take place over the next ten to fifteen years.

This subtle shift could pose a dire threat to Australian universities which have increasingly relied on their international students to lighten their financial burdens. Since, on average, Australian universities receive only forty per cent of their funding from the Federal Government, the difference must be made up with international student fees and investment.

And although both the Australian National University and Melbourne University received AA+ ratings in the Standard and Poor's annual 'International Higher Education Sector' report, the report went on to warn that because of the "creation of a domestic supply of educational institutions in Asia, Australian universities may soon face a massive decline in the number of international students. This may have severe financial implications [for Australia]," it said.

Meanwhile, the Australian tertiary education sector is undergoing a veritable paradigm shift under Federal Education Minister, Brendan Nelson, who is proposing the biggest reforms in the last 20 years. Among other things, Nelson's reforms have forced universities in Australia to become more reliant on chasing the foreign dollar, and also to become more susceptible to market changes. This

has led some Australian universities to perform the risky business of establishing overseas campuses.

It would seem that Australian universities are being called upon to compete directly with overseas universities, under a hostile Federal Government bent on turning them into businesses, blown by the winds of chance, and at the mercy of the international higher education market.

## Pieces of Eight By *Clavdivs*

Johnny Depp brought pirates back into the mainstream pop culture with *Pirates of the Caribbean*, but a recent archaeological find could put pirates firmly on the map, at least as far as Chile and treasure hunters worldwide are concerned.

Treasure hunters have astounded archaeologists by announcing that they have found a massive trove of gold coins, jewellery and treasure reportedly worth \$13 billion. According to legend, the island in the Juan Fernandez archipelago, situated 700 kilometers west of Chile, was a popular stopover for corsairs laden with riches sailing from South America to Europe. The archipelago was also a fashionable refuge for pirate ships sailing the Spanish Main and avoiding the ships of the royal navy. As far as the stories go, the island was also used in 1715 by a Spanish navigator by the name of Juan Esteban Ubilla y Echeverria to hide an immense fortune.

The island became truly famous, though, when Alexander Selkirk - whose plight went on to inspire the celebrated story of *Robinson Crusoe* - was marooned there in the eighteenth century. Since those times when galleons sailed the high seas, treasure hunters have searched in vain for the cache of Juan Esteban, which was supposedly found and then re-buried by the disingenuous British sailor Cornelius Webb. In vain, that is, until now.

However, archaeologists from the Australian National University have dismissed the claims as hearsay and rumour. These unsubstantiated claims are most likely based on over-enthusiastic treasure hunters who believe that they have found Juan Esteban's trove. A prominent ANU archaeologist, Simon Haberle, believes that the legends are based on hearsay and rumour, with very little evidence behind the stories of pirates visiting the island and depositing massive hordes of gold and jewels. This most recent announcement, though, could - if found to be true - be influential in corroborating the legends behind the pirates of the Caribbean.

According to the sceptics, though, it seems that all we will be left with are 'Really bad eggs. Yo ho me hearties! Yo ho!'

百万	2004	2005	2006	2007
营业收入	14.0	21.0	35.0	41.0
税前盈利	10.3	14.1	16.0	19.0
净利润	1.0	1.5	2.1	2.5

# Barking Mad Degrees

By Patchy

*"A few hours into the day, and the sun had beaten its way through the overhanging gums, and onto our bent backs. The concrete had heated up, warming the filth on its surface, catalysing an increasing stench, and making the dogs stropy and uncooperative. We were both steeped and splattered in shit and muck, I was damn hot, and silently cursing the place and all that was in it."*

Gladys was a 63 year old grandmother of three, with short grey streaked hair, gnarled, arthritic fingers, and forearms wracked by the constant pain of RSI. I used to work with her at a breeding kennel. A foul little pocket of 'farming', tucked away on a bushy hilltop, surrounded by scrub and feral animals, just outside of the small country town where I grew up. The business' specialty was, obviously, 'farming' dogs. As the 'animal attendants', our specialties were picking up bucket after bucket of dogshit, being emotionally manipulated by the management, and financially fucked over by the ownership. For me it was pocket money, bearable. For my co-workers it was survival, unavoidable.

The day I got my ENTER score, and realised I would probably soon be trekking off to Canberra, a place I knew nothing about, to go to a University I had seen only two fuzzy pictures of on the net, I had to work.

I worked with Gladys that day. We were given a daylong task of cleaning out probably somewhere around 100 pens. Not just ordinary dog kennels and yards though, but the ones in the 'nursery', full of expectant bitches and those that had just given birth. I knew how Gladys detested 'doin' straight dogshit' so I offered to clean the yards. This meant scraping shit upon shit off the uneven concreted yards with two plastic, always broken little shovels, and dumping it into an old large 'shit bucket', that could hold a good twenty kilos or so, and carting it up and down the hillside by hand.

Gladys had RSI from working at the 'dog farm'. When feeding the puppies in the Nursery, the workers had to mix up a bucket of 'mash'. Using the same large, off-white buckets as the shit buckets, but reserved especially for food, we would have to mix up a load of softened, fatty animal grade mince, a non-descript milk powder, vitamins and kettle softened, dry puppy food. We used our hands to do this. It was in churning this thick, fatty, viscous feed, as flies intoxicated on its bloody, steaming scent swarmed around its top, and then having to carry it around by hand, that Gladys had first gotten RSI.

So that day, as I did the 'shit run', Gladys would follow along behind, using a wheelbarrow and cleaning out the kennels themselves.

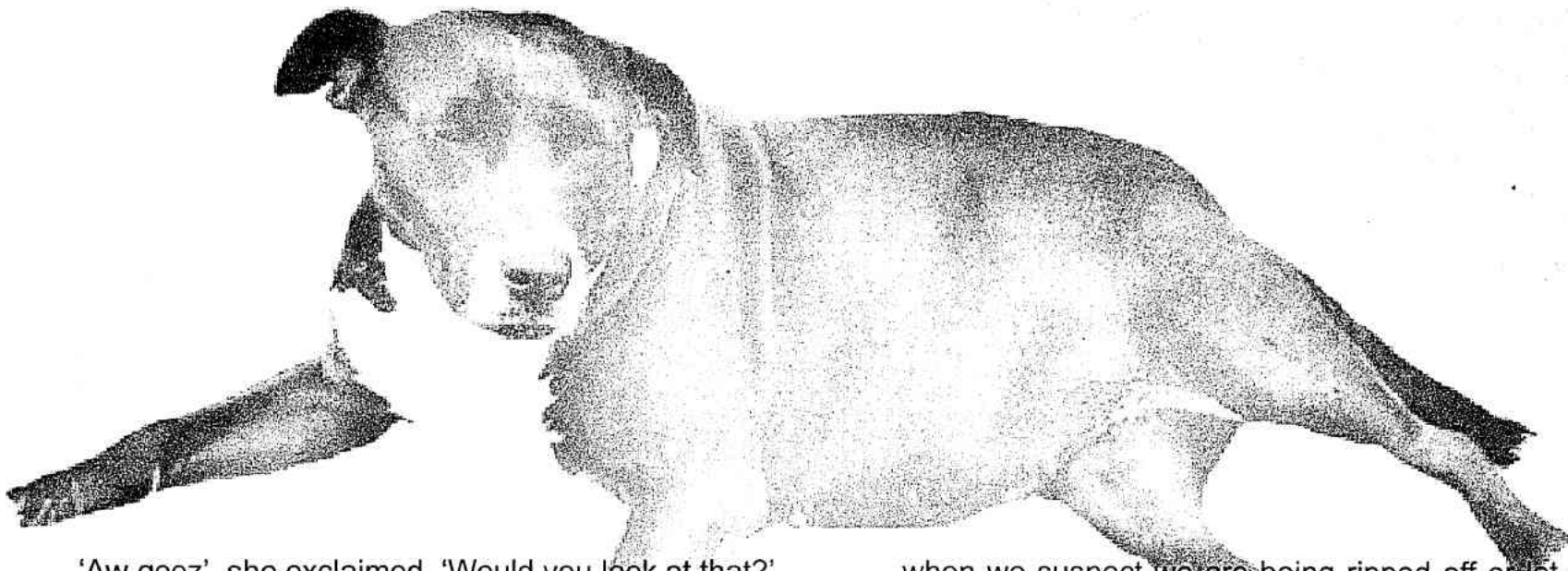
The Nursery was a particularly fascinating and foul section of the farm. Fascinating, in that you could play with a myriad of crazy, joyful little puppies of various breeds and personalities. Foul, because there wasn't really time to do that, as you were consumed with cleaning up the filth that never ceased to amaze me in the breadth of its colour, consistency or stench. Imagine any body fluid that could come out of both expectant mother and newborn baby. Armed with my two broken shovels and plastic bucket, it was my task to deal with that.

Gladys was, like all of those I worked with, so incredibly excited for me to be going away to uni. It wasn't viewed enviously; she didn't compare or resent the unfortunate position of her daughters, or grandchildren who she too often had to care for. They were genuinely happy for me, and this was overlaid with a kind of wistful pride. It was awesome, and it was humbling.

A few hours into the day, and the sun had beaten its way through the overhanging gums, and onto our bent backs. The concrete had heated up, warming the filth on its surface, catalysing an increasing stench, and making the dogs stropy and uncooperative. We were both steeped and splattered in shit and muck, I was damn hot, and silently cursing the place and all that was in it, looking ever more forward to my escape at the end of summer, to this Canberra place I knew so little about.

It was about that point that Gladys, who was bent over a kennel with her arms stretched out inside, paused in what she was doing. She straightened up, and arched her back, her spine cracking like popcorn as the vertebrae were wrenched into place. Clutched in those arthritic hands were also two little plastic shovels, overloaded with urine soaked straw, scattered with shit and dripping maggots, raggedy bits of newspaper dangled limply from this clutch of refuse.





'Aw geez', she exclaimed. 'Would you look at that?'

She was standing, staring straight ahead, out across the glaring tops of a hundred kennels spread out before us. I turned and looked, initially uncertain about what she was talking about. A rotten, ammonia drenched smell wafted over from the contents of her hands. She continued.

'Ain't that beautiful.'

Then I realised. She was looking out through the gum trees, down the side of the lonely hilltop on which we worked. A few kilometres away sat the town, its scattered, little corrugated roofs sparkled out, reflecting the incessant sun. Around it were fields of spuds and grains, fresh, golden and green from the constant irrigation. Beside it was a large lake that seemed to stretch away unendingly in the distance. Although I knew it was a muddy, shallow, squalid place to swim, from our vantage point it was an intense blue, only outdone by the magnificent sky above. With only a few fluffy white clouds, that seemed almost cartoon-like and conjured from a picture book, that sky was so unusual. I could imagine lying down in one of the lush fields before us and looking up. With only a few fronds of grass to ring the peripheries of your vision, you could have looked into that sky and been simultaneously struck by its seeming nearness, and its infinite depth. It was the kind of sky that could overwhelm, and then consume you.

Oblivious to the persistent cacophony of 400 dogs in a rotten mood, the stinking filth and muck in which she was covered and now grasped, it was Gladys who noticed, who turned her face into the sun, lifted her nose high into the air to catch a sniff of the thankfully fresh breeze that had just whispered up the hillside, and smiled.

I remembered this moment recently when I realised how close I was to finishing university. People such as you, as me, with our degrees and know-how, will probably never (again) have to work a job like Gladys's. Even without unions, or with them in their besieged and emasculated states, we will still be relatively able to negotiate with our bosses over individual contracts, we will have skills that will be in demand and at least some ability to say 'No',

when we suspect we are being ripped off or let down by employers. We may become those employers. Gladys, and the many others I worked with at that hellish, sprawling place, were in unenviable positions. There would be no workers comp for her pain wracked arms, nor for the twisted aching back of Kel, a younger, illiterate co-worker, denied the basic OH&S forms by the Ownership. Ironically the Ownership was a former Liberal Parliamentarian, who wore more mascara and eye shadow than I did, had hair plugs, fancied himself as a bit of a charmer and used the place as a tax-break.

This is not even to start on the lack of running water or plumbing in the mid-section of the shed, used by the employees as a lunch room. It was crowded in between some feed storage that was inhabited by several feral cats, and a section that housed cages of coughing, spewing, sick and miserable dogs, and a large blue tub used for washing. Or to even try and describe the copious amounts of shit dumped illegally into the human septic, or the often gangrenous and gaseous bodies of dead puppies buried somewhere out the back, and the single unkempt trail that led into the property through a pine forest. Mostly gravel and dirt, with potholes large enough to swallow a small corolla, had a bushfire ripped through there any given summer, there would be no escape for the workers, let alone the dogs. It was criminal pay and conditions my co-workers were forced to endure, simply because there was little, if any, alternative.

If the Government's proposed Industrial Relations reforms go through, I have no doubt their position, and the thousands like them, will be no better, probably even much worse. I think as we leave University, and head off into a workforce of possibilities, it is imperative upon us to remember this.

I have been fortunate. ANU has been tremendous, the people I have met here have made it enriching and rewarding. I do not know which career, if any, I will head into now. But I am thankful for the fact, that I have possibilities open to me.

# How Pirates Deal With Their Undies

By Rachael Kendrick

I was going to write a serious article, honest, I was. I had such good intentions to write something a little dull but well researched and informative. I even got out books, half-heartedly read them and did a few Google searches at work. But, what can I say? My magpie soul saw something shiny and got distracted. Specifically, it got distracted this morning when I was doing my laundry in the shower, and it occurred to me that not everyone keeps a bottle of Woolite in their bathroom.

Arrgh, it's a piratey sort of thing, washing your smalls in a bucket with your own two hands. If washboards were still made I suspect the business of washing would be even pirateier. Of course, the most piratey thing of all would be to sling your undies off the poop deck in a fishing net while you scrub your hardened, calloused body down with soap stewed together from the fat of your enemies and lye, but I digress. Hand washing is the bomb, man, and hand washing in the shower is even better.

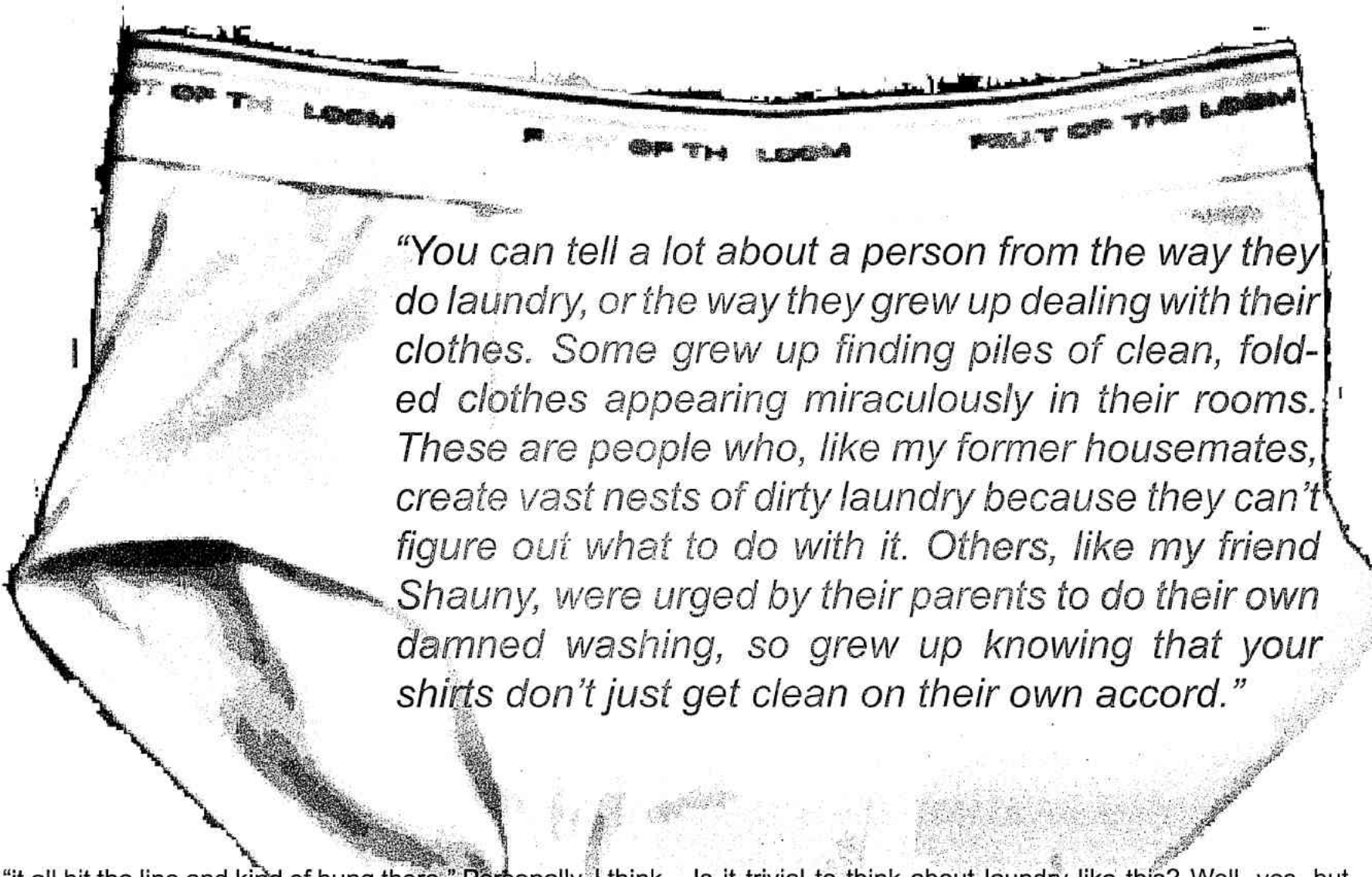
My good lady Miss Cheney is also an advocate of hand washing, but she once told me she interpreted that as putting your undies into one of those zip up wash bags that always unzip and disgorge a tangled mess of Kayser control tops into your washing machine. Personally, I find getting elbow-deep in a pile of washing oddly satisfying. You're accomplishing something; you know that Martha Stewart would approve of your goals, if not your methods. You can sing a sea shanty. You can imagine you're a raw-boned pioneer woman who spends her days working with her big, hard hands rather than a decadent, squishily soft uni student praying to find her essays written by Brothers Grimm-type elves in the morning. And, best of all, you know you'll have enough underpants and shirts to last you the next week or so.

Yes I hand wash my shirts, one of them, at least. Why do you ask?

You can tell a lot about a person from the way they do laundry, or the way they grew up dealing with their clothes. Some grew up finding piles of clean, folded clothes appearing miraculously in their rooms. These are people who, like my former housemates, create vast nests of dirty laundry because they can't figure out what to do with it. Others, like my friend Shauny, were urged by their parents to do their own damned washing, so grew up knowing that your shirts don't just get clean on their own accord.

According to 'Practical Laundrywork: A Guide for Students and Housewives' by Mary E. L. Cox, first class diplomé (with honours in laundrywork), National Society's Training College of Domestic Subjects (why I'm not attending that particular institution I still don't understand), laundry can't be described as an art. No, "[l]aundrywork can hardly be called an art, because there is so little scope for originality in it... it is, however, a craft in which skilled manipulation plays a very great part." To be honest, while I am adept at making mountains out of molehills, I've never given the subject so much thought, but thank you Mrs Cox for your insight.

Besides, anyone who thinks laundry isn't an art hasn't met Leon. He's turned hanging the washing out into a Dadaesque extravaganza. I was at his house once and noticed the Hills Hoist looked a little, well, intriguing. His housemate explained that, before going to work that day, Leon decided to hang out his housemates' washing in a fit of good will. It was only after doing this that he realised he was both late for work and hadn't hung out his own washing, so, in a moment of brilliance, decided to simply fling his things over the line. "Apparently," my comrade told me,



*"You can tell a lot about a person from the way they do laundry, or the way they grew up dealing with their clothes. Some grew up finding piles of clean, folded clothes appearing miraculously in their rooms. These are people who, like my former housemates, create vast nests of dirty laundry because they can't figure out what to do with it. Others, like my friend Shauny, were urged by their parents to do their own damned washing, so grew up knowing that your shirts don't just get clean on their own accord."*

"it all hit the line and kind of hung there." Personally, I think he should apply for a grant.

As I mentioned earlier, I once had the pleasure of living with a couple that treated laundry as an annual event. I'll call them Rudegger and Dingleberry. The inside of their bedroom was a homogenous sea of dirty clothes, towels, sheets and so on. I don't know where the clothes they were wearing came from, actually. They seemed to wear the same thing day after day after day, so I imagine they had a closet full of jeans and sorority t-shirts the way Superman has a closet full of capes and red undies. So I felt righteous in my own anal retentiveness, marching once, twice a week through the living room with my clean clothes like a woman whose children shall rise up and call her blessed. While I was living with Rudegger and Dingleberry I also had the displeasure of having to share a communal laundry, with driers and no lines. I hate driers. All they're good for is pilling your t-shirts and eating your stockings. So I took enormous pleasure in festooning my bedroom and the bathroom with damp clothes. It's like living in your own filth, except really not. Like I said, righteous.

My friend Anna has it far worse. As a member of the US Coast Guard she spends half her life in a boat floating anywhere from Mexico to Alaska. If I thought I had it tough living with Rudegger and Dingleberry I ain't got nothing on sharing one, maybe two washing machines with a ship full of dirty sailors. In reference to this issue's theme - arrrgh. When we both returned to places where washing machines are plentiful and individually owned by the bourgeois, we were ecstatic. The ability to do your washing whenever you damned well please is an index of independence. If you have a washing machine you own your own life.

Is it trivial to think about laundry like this? Well, yes, but think laterally, people. For me, transforming my teetering pile of hand-washing into something clean, neat and decent is an index of adulthood. You may be unemployed, doing badly at school, breaking out and desperately broke but if the washing's done at least something is together, at least something makes sense.

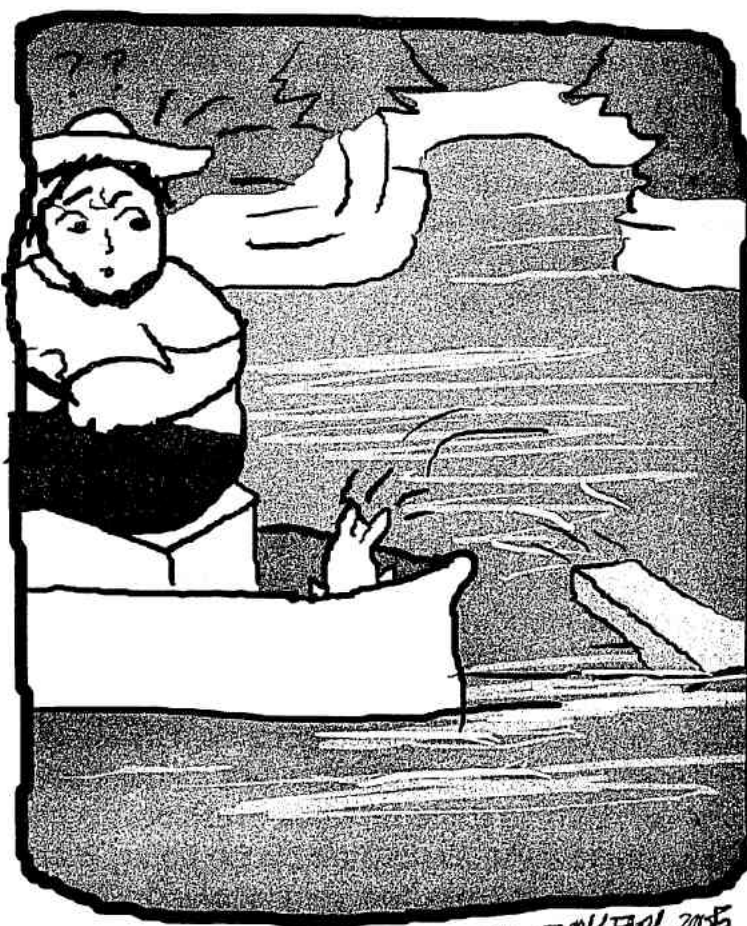
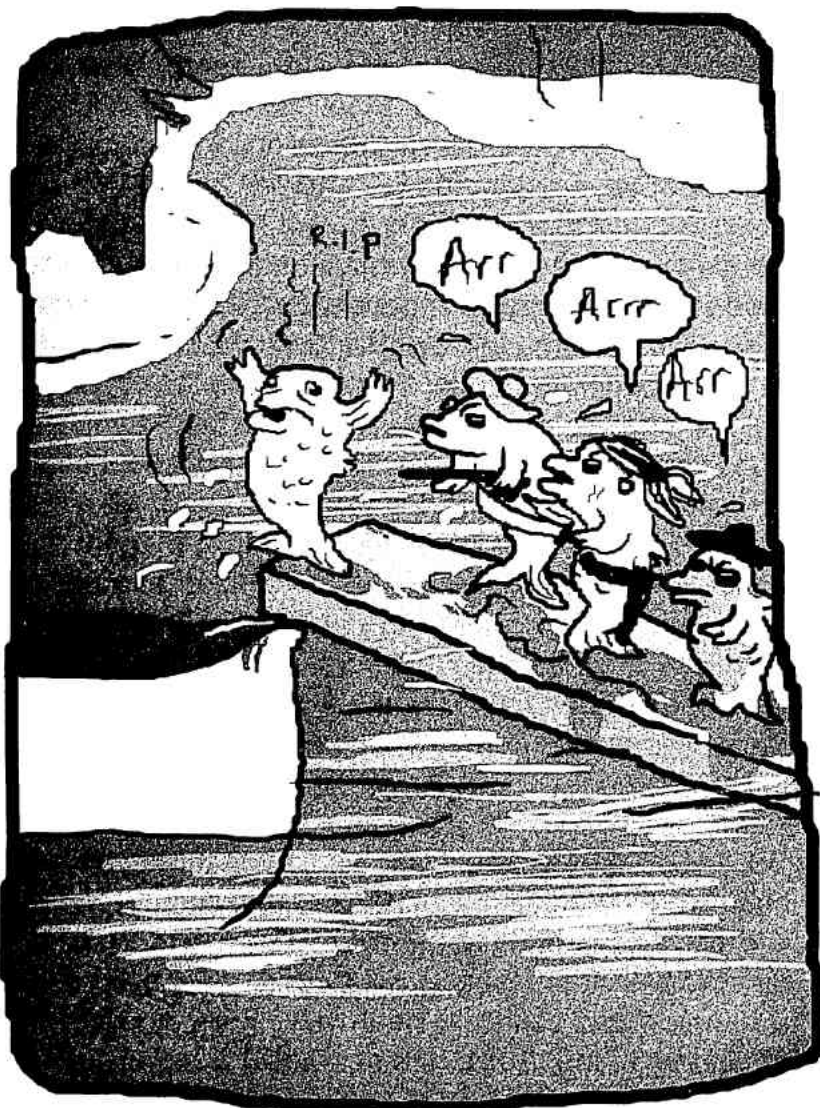
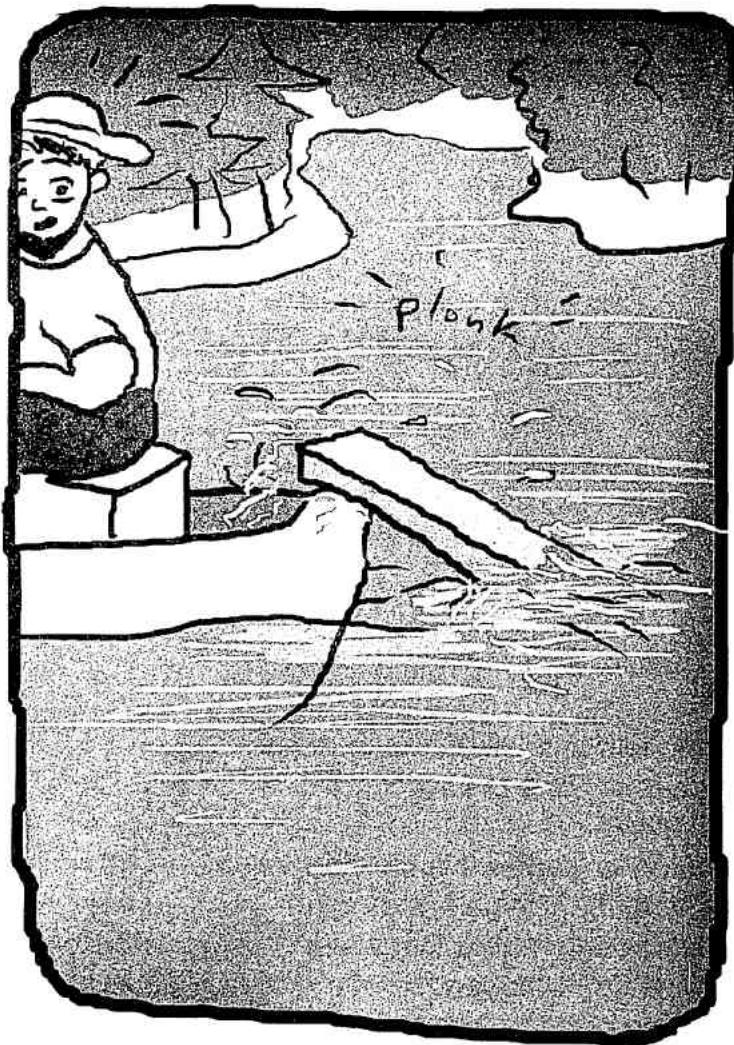
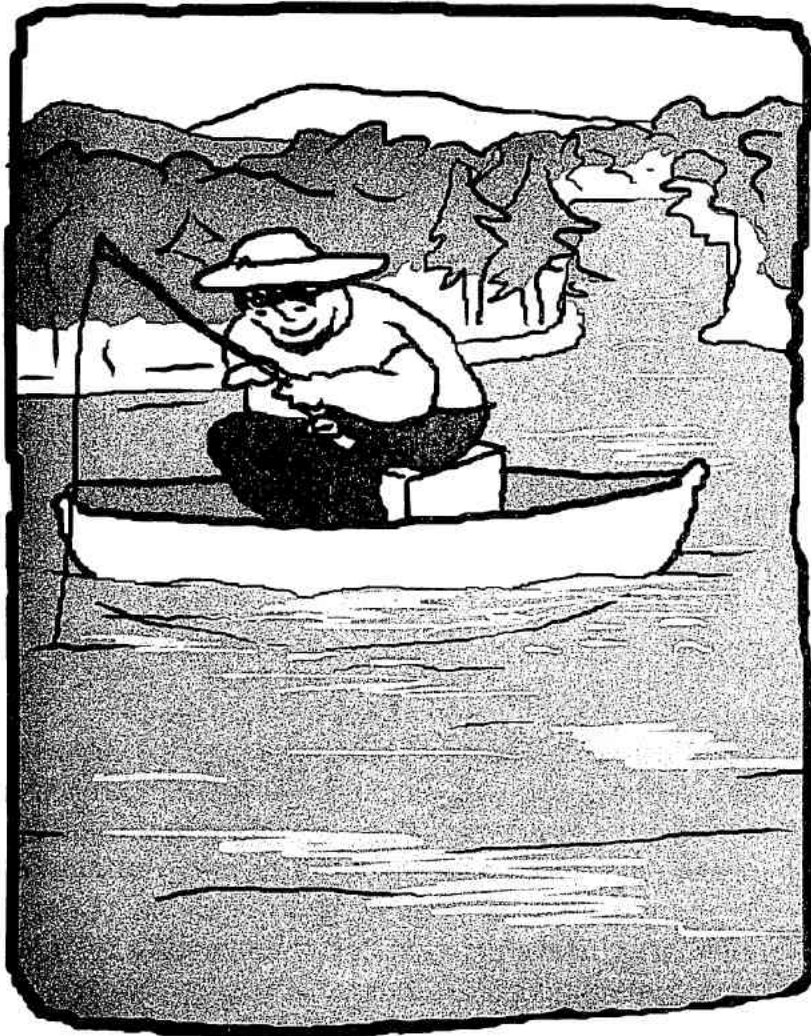
It's just one of those things you can do to make the world a sane place. We all do it. My friend Andy obsessively re-organizes his CDs - alphabetically, by genre, by associated mood, by Pitchfork rating. My sister spends hours downloading nerdy Canadian science fiction and episodes of *Black Books*.

These things, these sanity-making things, really shouldn't be dismissed. Especially now, when, for those of us finishing uni and swimming over to the cold, unfamiliar shores of adulthood with capital 'R' Responsibility, the world is a cold and bewildering place. This might be okay for some of you kids, what with your good public service jobs lined up, practical law or engineering degrees, and a neat haircut. Spare a thought for those graduating with nothing but a major in Medieval Basket weaving and enough money for a pack of cigarettes but no lighter. For us, the rather pointless grist for the university mill, things are going to get mighty unstructured in a few weeks time. Therefore, if there was ever a time to cling to totemic acts of responsibility, it is now.

So, if you'll excuse me, I'll be bent over in the bathtub massaging a bucket full of black jersey and singing 'What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor?' But don't think I'm just dealing with my delicates. I'm working to make the world a saner, more easier to deal with place, and maybe you should try it, too. Arrgh, me hearties.

# Pirate Fish

By Sarah Firth



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# Pirates of Penzance: Jon English and Pantomime

By Stella Anderson

*“Although pantomime has its roots in Commedia dell’arte, contemporary pantomime in the UK has somewhat different cultural connotations. While still being a form of theatre for the general public, pantomime is now primarily aimed at children...”*



Being what is colloquially referred to as a Sepo, I grew up without a certain strand of cultural knowledge that only Australians seem to be privy to. References to *A Country Practice* were lost on me, and my father preferred the musical stylings of Sly and the Family Stone to AC/DC (yet I still managed to have an upbringing littered with Nick Cave novels and Radio Birdman albums). However, aside from Larry Emdur, one cultural icon I was never able to understand was that of Jon English. I remember one of the first times I came into contact with the man; I was sitting in the small living room of our house at the time, watching an episode of *All Together Now*. Here was this huge, brooding giant who looked like a long lost member of Poison, who spoke rather gruffly, and who seemed to have an unwavering penchant for sleeveless vests. From what I could tell from the canned laughter that emanated from the box, this guy was hysterical. Perhaps it was my over-exposure to Mr. Rogers as a tyke or being a child of Reagan-era America, but I was unable to understand the charm of Mr. English. And to be honest, I think this has always lurked somewhere in the dark abyss that is my mind. I’ve come to realise that my lack of cultural codes required to understand the charisma of Mr. English can best be attributed to the marked absence of pantomime in my youth. I fear that I am not alone – even the majority of my ocker friends have never witnessed a Gilbert and Sullivan production, nor do they have any clue what *Pirates of Penzance* is about, beyond singing and dancing with a central nautical theme. After minimal research into pantomime (read: watching a ‘Behind-Neighbours’ special), I’ve come to understand that pantomime is considered the shit in the UK. So what is pantomime and what the hell is Jon English up to these days?

As mentioned previously, pantomime is a popular form of theatre in the UK, and had its origins in a type of Italian street theatre called *Commedia dell’arte*, which originated in the sixteenth century. By the middle of the seventeenth century, *Commedia dell’arte* had spread across Europe from Italy to France, before becoming increasingly popular in England. *Commedia dell’arte* combines aspects of traditional theatre with physical activities, such as acrobatics and dance. Often *Commedia dell’arte* acts would perform at local fairgrounds and marketplaces, emphasizing

that this type of theatre was one for the general public, and not for the upper classes. *Commedia dell’arte* troupes were often made up of several generations of one or two families, and would pass down costumes and masks from previous generations. Like modern day pantomime, *Commedia dell’arte* has its cast of consistent characters, such as Pantalone, an old man, and his mischievous servant Arlecchino. While most actors wore costumes that depicted the personality of their character, many just wore leather masks on their face as not to distract the audience from their character’s engaging personality. In terms of scripts and stories, *Commedia dell’arte* works with a few basic stories but relies on the improvisation of its actors. Most *Commedia dell’arte* is also considered to include aspects of social commentary, thinly veiled by a narrative.

Although pantomime has its roots in *Commedia dell’arte*, contemporary pantomime in the UK has somewhat different cultural connotations. While still being a form of theatre for the general public, pantomime is now primarily aimed at children as most plays are based on children’s stories, such as *Sleeping Beauty* and *Peter Pan*. However, that’s not to say that pantomime does not attract adults – pantomimes are a large part of English Christmas traditions as they often run for six to eight weeks over the Christmas period. Contemporary pantomime also has a distinctly Australian connection as many of our local soap stars have the opportunity to earn big bucks in ‘panto’ in the UK (Mark Rafferty aka *Neighbours* Dr. Darcy Tyler is the latest piece of fresh meat, performing in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*).

And as for Jon English, the man is a busy lad. In true twenty-first century fashion, I Googled the guy and arrived at his official website. After learning that English had scored four ARIAs and adopted a distinctly Bruce Springsteen-esque appearance, I found out that he’s still rocking the world of theatre as he still performs the role of the *Pirate King in Pirates of Penzance*. Perhaps one of these days I’m going to have to come to terms with my cultural inadequacies, bite the bullet and attend the Gilbert and Sullivan classic.

# Casual Projects:

*"I think we're just too straight edge for hip hop."*

By Megan McKeough

*"Casual Projects is a band you can rely on for a fun, energetic and catchy performance, every time. If you're looking for the right band to float your note, then even if you don't like hip-hop check out Casual Projects, because they're modest musical talent with smarts attached."*

In the big melting pot of musical genre, full of alt-rock rad-ish mixed with punk-pop peppers, it's getting harder and harder to shove bands into specific categories. Whether grunge or garage rock, hip-hop or hardcore, sometimes all that matters is the musical talent holding all the notes together. Some bands are just fun, and if they can strike the right chord in you as well as on a guitar, good for them. Casual Projects is one such band, with musical talent to spare, and I caught up with some of the members, Munro Melano, Dan Bray and Kane Watters, to talk about what it's like being one of the many deserving Canberra bands on the rise.

You would probably class Casual Projects (fresh multi-piece band with a recently released album) as hip hop. With eight members, the name Casual Projects was chosen because the band originally began as a revolving door concept, intending to play each gig with a new line up. Unfortunately, this idea was soon left behind due to the realities of rehearsal and a limited number of good MCs. Casual Projects therefore became the solid entity it is today, consisting of members Munro Melano (keyboard, vocals), Dan Bray (saxophone, synthesizer), Kane Watters (bass), Julian Abrahams (guitar, vocals), Muchtar Johnson (vocals), Patrick Lillicrap (vocals), Yen Nguyen (drums) and Nick Keeling (trombone, vocals and keyboard). Most were friends beforehand, and in the beginning there was some uncertainty as to how serious the band was going to be. One album and shows with Architecture in Helsinki, Spoon and Urthboy later, I ask about how the band is getting along now, and is the inner workings of Casual Projects as successful as the outer.

"Being eight members, we're all going to have conflicts of interest every now and again," explains Dan. "But for eight people we all get on well, most of the time," Kane adds.

While they do, somewhat reluctantly, list The Cat Empire as the band many people would see as an influence, the inclusion of brass does give some songs that Empire feel. Many people describe Casual Projects as a band of mixed styles, their songs as diverse as the band's members.

When I ask for some names of influential artists who have moulded the Casual Projects sound, they seem to agree on most of them. On the rap side of things, Jurassic 5, Spearhead, Blackalicious and The Roots all get a mention, as well as the pre-'Elephunk' Black Eyed Peas. When talking about how the audiences categorise them, it is agreed that while "there's similarities that a lot of people draw, they mostly paint us with a pretty broad brush," summarises Kane. When it comes to the wide collection of 'Cas P' songs, ranging from political protest to barbeque based, there are a few dominant songwriters in the group. Julian and Munro are credited to be behind many of the band's songs, but a few more of the members have been trying their hand at it of late. Far from being fascist, the group all workshop on an initial idea for a song before one or two people might take the reins. This collaborative, democratic approach to content led me to ask about the overall decision-making in the group, and they explain that while there is democracy, it can be both good and bad. "Maybe some of the first problems we had within the band were to do with the democracy, because there's eight people, and it's like people get impatient with trying to wait for decisions, getting everyone's input on it," says Dan. These days, it is understood that everyone tries to be upfront and honest with each other, laying out their opinions and talking it over.

It would seem that more conflict happens outside the band, at shows, as the three recount the most eventful thing to happen at a gig - a run in with another hip-hop band.

"We all love hip hop music in the band, but we sort of don't associate ourselves with the main stream culture, like having the battles and the gang wars and all of that stuff. We were just at a gig, and we were playing and this other crew was like getting up the front, and they were pulling up their pants to under their armpits and trying to mock us, and we're just like 'What the f...?' while they kept trying to pay us out... I think we're just too straight edge for hip-hop."

On the other side of the gang-war gig coin, Casual Projects' sold-out album launch at the ANU Bar was the unanimous vote for best gig and biggest accomplishment. Well on

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their way in the music scene, Casual Projects' ideal place to be in a year includes a spot at a major festival and recording an album with a major label. Overall goals include Australian and then world-wide recognition, being able to live off their music, and headlining at Big Day Out as a side perk. When talking about recording their current album, done over six months, it is put down as a great learning experience, though they do hope the next album will be better. Easily able to recognise a flaw in the process, they agree that a producer will really improve the result next time, since they all contrast in opinion and need someone to take all their ideas on board and collate them into 'something good'. Their current album has opened doors along the way however, in regards to getting supports and recognition. A few ideal supports they'd love to be able to snag include Spearhead, Jurassic 5 and The Roots.

For Casual Projects, music comes packaged with a message. Having a message in their songs is important, as there is a feeling that there is a lot of hip-hop around about nothing, and Casual Projects strive to be more than that. "I think that is the strength of our band, we don't write things that haven't happened to someone, or everyone, in the band, or that generally haven't happened to everyone. Things they can really relate to - that crowds can relate to," says Kane. "Saying that though, it doesn't mean that it's wrong to write songs that don't have a particular strong theme or message, because I think that certain songs I've heard other hip-hop artists do are just, "This is us, this is what we do, it's fun." I think that's okay too," expands Dan. Like all bands, Casual Projects have songs that are crowd favourites. Popular songs vary with time, and depend on the audience. 'Funniness' was a big crowd puller back in the day, but since The Cat Empire rose, audiences seem to favour Casual Projects' lighter songs such as 'What Could Have Been' and 'Sundays'. Since all the songs are different, and written by different people, the mix of sounds appeals at different times. For heavy hip-hop crowds, 'Funniness' is favoured but for dancing and more mainstream crowds, 'What Could Have Been' and 'Older Brother' get people moving.

Casual Projects didn't emerge a fully formed, functional band, and so when taking advice for people starting up in bands, they agree that it's not what you know but who you know. It also takes time, and dedication, because anyone can get to know the right people if you are around long enough. Each time a band performs, they should try to get noticed and get out there. Says Munro of the perils of recognition, "I think there's a lot of great bands out there, and lots of shit ones, so sometimes you're like, 'Man, you guys were really good... but I've never heard of you before.' There are a lot of bands like that, and I think it's because they don't have the drive or they just don't know what to do."

Music is something you can always rely on, to be diverse, interesting and entertaining. Casual Projects is a band you can rely on for a fun, energetic and catchy performance, every time. If you're looking for the right band to float your note, then even if you don't like hip-hop check out Casual Projects, because they're modest musical talent with smarts attached. When asked to describe their band in a few words, they chose 'fun', 'energetic', 'interesting' and 'family'.

### Get Your Cas-P On!

@ In Blue, October 21st w/ Rastawookie and Foreign Dub Soundsystem.  
Doors open at 8pm. \$8

@ Stonefest, October 29th.  
12pm on Saturday

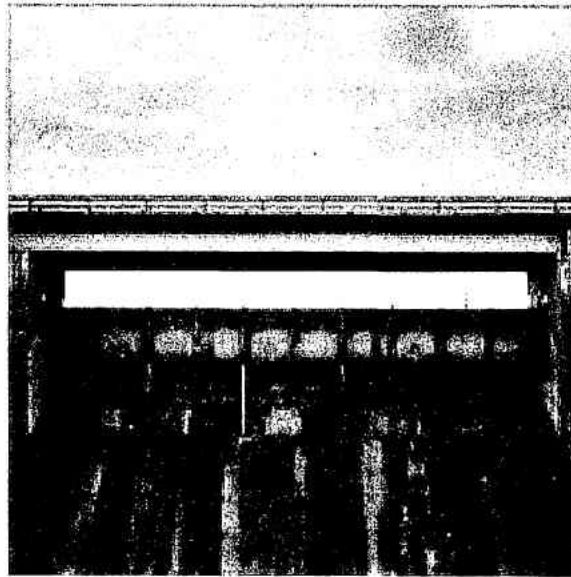
Tickets - \$15 for UC students, \$55 for General Admission



**Max-Rock-A-Dansky featuring Young and Restless, Damn Arms and This Night Creeps with DJs Alistair and Jemist.**

Toast – 8th September  
Chloe Persing

While Canberra's hardcore and punk scene is well and truly thriving, there is little in the way of progressive rock and dance punk to shake your money-makers to in our nation's capital. Perhaps that could be one of the reasons Max-Rock-A-Dansky was an utterly enjoyable evening amid the usual sea of often repetitive line-ups and black hoodies. It seems Max-Rock-A-Dansky had the primary objective of putting on an evening of good times, enjoyable music and bitchin' dance moves. The line-up featured locals Young and Restless, with DJs Alistair and Jemist, along with Melbourne hipsters Damn Arms and veritable New Zealand progressive rock gods, This Night Creeps. While Young and Restless have frequently been compared to bands such as the Yeah Yeah Yeahs and Pretty Girls Make Graves, I think the comparison only can be applied to far as Karina's vocals to Ms. O or Andrea Zollo. If anything, the Canberra natives sound much like their gig-buddies Die! Die! Die! particularly on the track Dirty Kicks. Nevertheless, Young and Restless have a tight and unique sound, which is fair to attribute to the excellent interplay between their two guitarists and bassist. Next up was Melbourne band Damn Arms, the remnants of Vice darlings Snap! Crakk!. Damn Arms impressed the audience with their particular hybrid of dance-punk and cock-rock with Yama's pornstar moustache attracting praise for its sheer sex appeal. Last but not least was one of my favourite bands from New Zealand, This Night Creeps, who I hadn't seen since their gig at The Church Bar with Off Minor over a year ago. Since then the lads have released their first album *The Sound of Noise*, and have supported Seattle Screamo band The Blood Brothers. This Night Creeps were above and beyond my favourite act of the evening, indulging in ludicrous amounts of reverb and screaming vocals. My night was made complete as I was treated to my particular track favourite Inner Space, a song which consistently puts a smile on my face and a spring in my step. I also think it only fair to mention the two DJs between sets, familiar Canberra faces Alastair and Jemist, who played dance-punk favourites The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower and The Rapture.



**Album Review**

Brisk - Hell or High Water  
Chloe Persing

If you had asked my opinion on local band Brisk two years ago, my response would not have been overly positive. Forgive me, but I found the band's sound to be lost within Canberra's all too similar sounding hardcore scene. However, that being said, Brisk currently sound nothing like that band I saw all those months ago. I'm unsure what factors have changed their sound, perhaps the addition of a keyboard, or the fact that they've seemed to intensely concentrate on the guitar interplay as opposed to the vocals. *Hell or High Water* is Brisk's first release on Building Records, and is an amazing achievement in itself. The album's overall sound can be compared to various rock acts such as the Reis/Froberg outfits Drive Like Jehu and Hot Snakes, particularly in regards to the track 'Hell, Sweet Hell'. 'The Mistake' is a kick-ass opener with an intro that sees you reaching for the repeat button just to hear those guitars once more. The second track, 'Don't You Know This Is A Ghost Machine', is my personal favourite, if just for the last minute or so of the song, in which the song is stripped down to a simple melody. Overall, I think the strength of this album, and Brisk in general, lies in their dedication to balance. While screaming vocals may be a signature of the hardcore genre, Brisk don't allow this to consume their entire sound unlike many of their hardcore contemporaries. Brisk still maintain a dedication to a solid and cohesive musical structure that is evident in their overall tight sound.

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# Pirates Abroad on Sunset Boulevard!

By Nicholas Beresford-Wylie

You wouldn't steal a car, you wouldn't steal a handbag, you wouldn't steal a DVD... Forget the hundred or more people who go missing off commercial and private ships each year in South East Asia. Forget about the six Georgian traders who were held aboard their vessel off the Somalian coast for six hundred thousand United States' dollars ransom in 2004. You can even forget about that British couple who were murdered by hijackers aboard their private yacht off the coast of Sicily in 1998. No kids, the most detrimental form of piracy in the world today can be found right here at home in the form of illegal movie downloading. Yes, that's right, by downloading the latest Pirates of the Caribbean movie off the college network you're committing a serious offence and one which you might well be prosecuted for, according to the Australian Federation Against Copyright Theft.

So who's actually pursuing you? Well the new laws against movie piracy around the globe have been lobbied for most heavily by the Hollywood film industry, because, as the primary producer of mainstream movies, it stands to lose the most. Hollywood has argued that by illegally downloading movies you are, effectively, stealing the creative ideas of others. Now I like to buckle my swash with the rest of them but seriously, for the life of me I can't remember the last time I saw anything creative come out of Hollywood. Now I know that downloading movies is bad; the ad campaign with the creepy guys in the carpark stealing the car was enough to dissuade me for life. But for some reason I can't quite see the causal link between my downloading the new Charlie and the Chocolate Factory and the downfall of the American film industry. Especially when the majority of movies being illegally downloaded are simply remakes of classic movies, TV shows, scripts, comics and books. So I'm wondering are we, the lowly Internet addicted geeks, the real movie pirates here?

Recently I had a succession of wonderful childhood memories tarnished by a spree of poor Hollywood remakes. Such greats as Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, War of the Worlds, Spiderman and even my beloved Dr Seuss' Cat

in the Hat have been destroyed in my mind by their poorly scripted, overproduced Hollywood adaptations (however Johnny Depp was pretty cool). I'm sure that Dahl, Seuss and Wells are turning in their graves, perhaps even plotting to avenge their honour by coming back Dawn of the Dead/Resident Evil style - if only Hollywood could come up with an original plot like that. To my dismay I woke up this morning to discover that Hollywood, more specifically Michael Bay (director of The Island, Pearl Harbour and Bad Boys) is thinking of remaking Alfred Hitchcock's The Birds. All right, so poor adaptations of my childhood classics is one thing, I can deal with that, but remaking one of the most original films of the twentieth century by one of the most influential directors of all time - it's sacrilege. I would have thought that Gus Van Sant's appalling remake of Psycho in 1998 had cured Hollywood of any thoughts it may have had about remaking Hitchcock's films, but apparently this is not so.

So why are Hollywood filmmakers so willing to commit film piracy? Is creativity dead? With Spielberg remaking Close Encounters and thinking about ET 2 I'd have to say maybe. Perhaps Rodriguez is the only director left still thinking outside the square. Hollywood is guaranteed a degree of success through remakes and adaptations because the stories were so successful the first time round. Audiences who don't want surprises are assured of comfort. Sometimes directors remake classic films in order to inject something new and daring into the old chestnuts. However I struggle to see how anything exciting and new could be injected into Herbie the Lovebug and I guess the box offices agreed.

So kids, what's the moral of this story? Movie piracy is a crime, leave the theft of original ideas to those who are seemingly so good at it, work hard in film studies and perhaps one day you can join them as a big name Hollywood filmmaker.

# Farewell 2005

As with the end of another year, comes another set of Woroni editorial rants. Enjoy the annual event that is *Woroni Indulgence*.



## **Lucy Stackpool (Hooky)** Editor

Forget NUTS. If you want drama, edit Woroni. In my time on this rag, I've witnessed, or been a party to: comedy, tragedy, too-much sense, too-much stupidity, hate, love, anger, spite, joy, envy, despair, hope, frivolity, insanity, and many, many tantrums (the most spectacular of which came from the men). Oh, if only all Woroni readers could have known about the many trials and tribulations. But then, if people did, we wouldn't have got any amusingly facile hate mail. It's been a huge year and I'm thoroughly exhausted. But before I collapse, there are a few people who certainly deserve my thanks and praise.

Chloe is a beautiful, beautiful human being and a real trooper. She, as I, didn't anticipate that the year or the workload would turn out the way it did, but she marched on and I hope she feels some accomplishment with what we've created. Thank you honey, and I think we'd better have more than a few drinks after this issue's been distributed.

As for Sub-Editors, firstly, Rachael Kendrick is a superstar – an absolute superstar. She's not only an extremely talented and honest writer, but she's just incredibly brilliant all-round. Megan McKeough is another Woroni champion for all of her articles from this year and the last. Cheers to Jen 'Patchy' Basham for helping out – if only for dragging us down to the bar, or for bringing the bar to us. Thanks to Simone Gubler and Nick Beresford-Wylie for their articles and interest throughout the year, and best of luck for the future. Cheers to Leo Shanahan for throwing us some scraps of his journalistic brilliance. Thanks to Sonya Russell for her dedication in chasing contributors and the university administration (by the way, I've really enjoyed writing news under my two pseudonyms). And lastly, thanks to Nick Craven and Sam Lonard for their undying commitment to producing diverse and entertaining music pages.

Aside from Sub-Editors, we've had some pretty amazing regular contributors. My thanks goes to Sarah Firth for submitting dazzling comics throughout the year and an art report which has been of an exceptional standard. Michelle Bond also ran an excellent theatre page, with little need of editing, on time and with enthusiasm. Cheers to Katherine Urbanski and Louise Crossman for all of the articles, Mel Pilkington for the comics, Joel Jenkins for the poems, and Mark Bryan for the delightfully enduring tale of

Woroni Man. Thanks also to Samuel 'Hamuel' Birbeck for all of the laughs, and for staying so interested in the paper despite the distance.

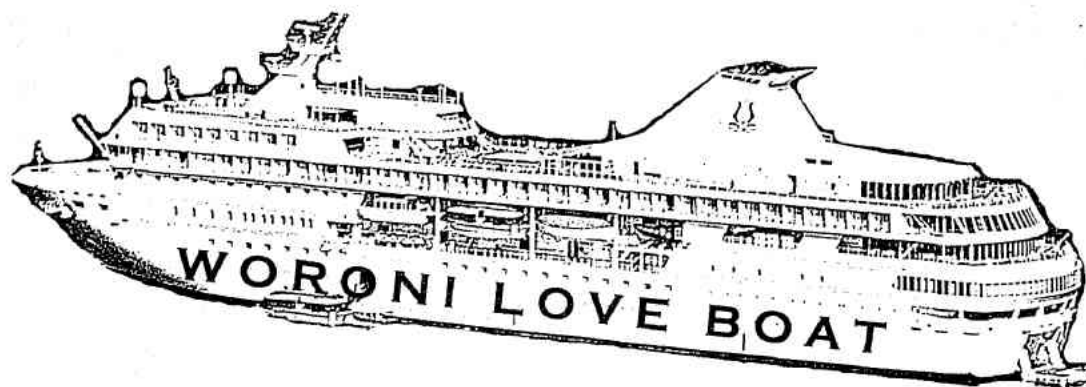
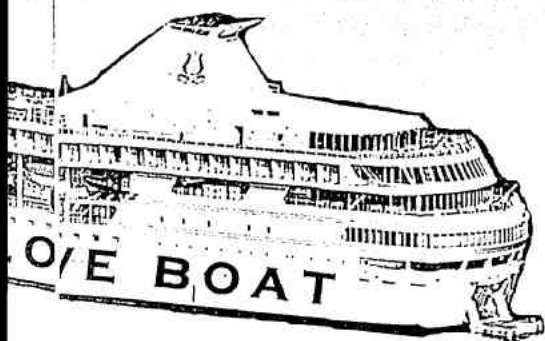
Thanks also to all of the hardworking and under-appreciated kids at ANUSA. You guys really are the unsung heroes of our student community. I've been greatly indebted to Aparna Rao and Tamara Russell for their support and help throughout the year; thank you both. Cheers to Stephen Still for keeping our computers running. Best wishes to Rachael Allen for all of her assistance this year, particularly with financial issues. And finally, thanks also to Kiera Paterson and Laura Crespo who, like Aparna, didn't censor very much at all, and were patient and encouraging all year. Good luck to next year's Editors. Like any year, they'll need it.

## **Rachael Kendrick (Captain Wonderful)** Staff Writer

A month or two ago a group of rather lovely ladies in The Phoenix asked if I was the girl who writes the ad deconstructions. Pulling my best George Negus smile I said yes, and my ego was turned to elevation when they asked what the next ad decon was about so they could know before everyone else. I will thank other people, but I'd mostly like to thank them for giving me momentary delusions of fame. I would also like to thank the two people who described me as 'the pubic hair girl.'

And what fun this year has been. Over the past few months Woroni has seen me purchase 'Ralph' magazine, peer into caskets, experience the glory of Hillsong and visit far too many websites featuring humiliated cats. Actually, I do the latter without Woroni, but you get my drift. Mad props to the many people who have helped me with my amateurish articles about whatever interests my ferret mind – Easty, Tony, Tony's mum, Cheney, Warwick, Monkey and the proprietors of Koorong and Tobin Brother's Funerals spring to mind.

Above all I want to thank Miss Lucy, who has worked tirelessly to keep this student rag going, and Miss Chloe, who can be relied on for most things, most notably jokes about genitals and buttocks. These ladies donated countless hours for your reading pleasure, and we should all be grateful.



**Chloe Persing (Long John Hedonism)**  
Editor

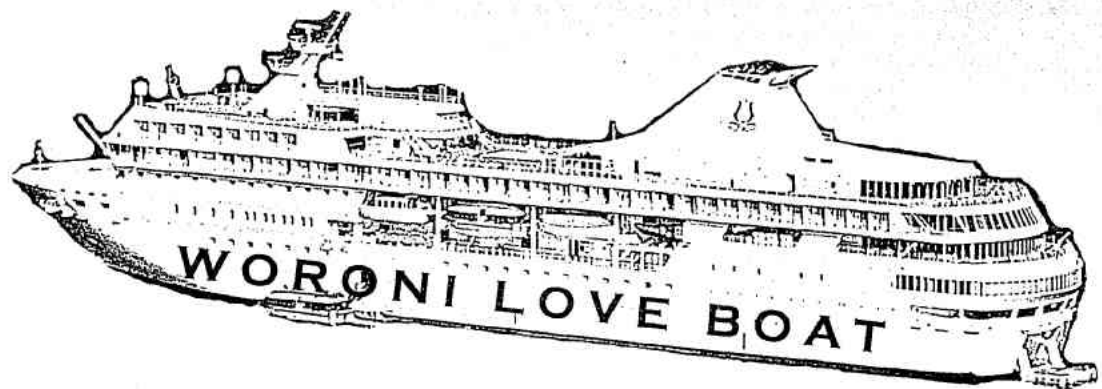
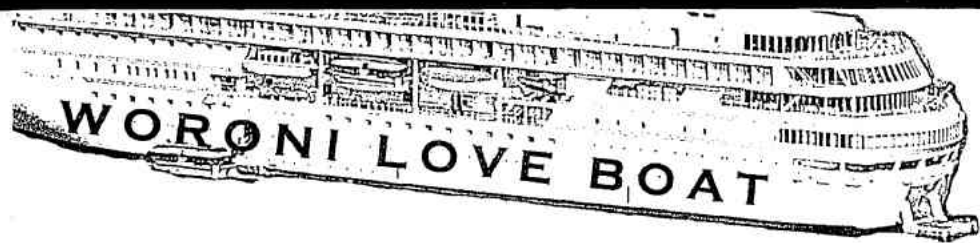
Saying that I've had mixed emotions about this year is indeed an understatement. There were moments where the very thought of the Woroni office induced nasty bouts of nausea and panic attacks/juvenile tantrums ensued. There were moments when I contemplated getting Lucy liquored up in the hopes of taking advantage of her amiable state and negotiating dropping the amount of pages to sixteen, maintaining the ten per cent ANUSA content requirement and filling the rest of the pages with bad drunken poetry, the result of too many nights spent at The Phoenix. Alas I maintained some standard of maturity, and stuck with my commitments (a trend that wasn't particularly favoured this year). However, as I mentioned previously, the experience wasn't purely a negative one. In fact, I'd go one further and say assholes and deadlines aside, I don't regret fulfilling the role of Woroni Editor. I know the following will sound like resume fodder, but I think it needs to be stated regardless: working on Woroni was an excellent learning experience. Not only did I learn to deal with advertisers, contributors and various levels of bureaucracy, I also learnt first hand how hard-working students can be. While so many of us are constantly in the throes of apathy, and are only concerned about our plans for the upcoming weekend, there are some students on campus who are making alternative plans for the weekend, those of which include organising events, rallying the masses, and dealing with the mind-fuck that is Microsoft Excel. Being an active member of the SA also enabled me to socialize with people I probably wouldn't have otherwise, even if that just includes sharing a cigarette on the Student Services balcony (sorry Bronwyn) or procrastinating on the foyer couches. For those reasons, I am particularly grateful.

Now for the Oscar-acceptance-speech portion of this literary wank. First and foremost, 'mad props' to my 'homegirl' Lucy, whose tireless devotion to this rag is both mind-blowing and inspiring. I'm glad working on this publication hasn't reduced our friendship to one where homicide is number one on the agenda and despite moments where quitting seemed like the only viable option to maintain some semblance of sanity, I'm glad we both stuck it out, even if I had minimal forays into substance abuse. Love also goes out to all our sub-eds, particularly the amazing Megan and Rachael, whom I could always count on for last minute submissions, especially when another colouring-in page seemed to be overkill. Word up to our two music sub-eds

Sam and Nick, who never disappointed me, allowed me to mooch free CDs and maintained my faith in the male species. DSP also made our lives easy, rarely getting their censorship on or busting a cap in the ass of free speech. Mad props must also be bestowed upon Tamara who can be consistently relied upon to help in numerous ways. Big-ups to Phaedra and Miles, two close friends who were both unable to resist the allure of an electric car, and would help distribute at a moment's notice. Lastly, hugs and cuddles to my bitches and hoes, particularly the three of whom I live with – thank you for putting up with my crabby demeanour, and often leaving a plate of food in the fridge for when I arrive home in the early hours of the morning.

**Megan McKeough (Blindy McArrrrgggghh!)**  
Film Sub-Editor

Woroni and I have been acquainted for over a year now – our joy together has lasted longer than a lot of relationships. In fact, Woroni is actually a bit like a boyfriend – sometimes I neglect it, sometimes the thought of it makes me shudder, and sometimes we get pissy at each other (an amazing feat as Woroni is, in essence, an inanimate publication that cannot emote). I am also grateful to Woroni - grateful that it gives me a purpose other than slogging around campus not attending classes, and affords me opportunities I would otherwise have to find on the cushions of the bar. We do let each other down from time to time, but in the end, this trusty student paper has my back. So, crappy metaphors aside, my time at Woroni has been great. I like the fact that every year is different, that every year I'm working on a new and fresh student publication and every year brings odd experiences. I have enjoyed sitting at the computer listening to Lucy moan about incorrect grammar and hearing Chloe complain that she's out of Cheerios, while I subtly trying to convince them both to allow a food break every hour. Rachael's whirlwind visits into the office were a treat, and there's something about half doing layout and half surfing the internet to look up the latest Harry Potter trailer that I will sorely miss. I've bore witness to frustrations, problems and changing sub editors, but Woroni has come out successfully each time and so a definite congratulations to Lucy and Chloe for that. Chloe I must note especially - being my bitch and all – friend, you deserve one thousand hours with Jordan Blilie and one thousand meetings with Death Cab for Cutie, and I'm so proud of you.



**Nick Craven (Craven McRaven)**  
Music Sub-Editor

It all began at a Tim Rogers gig one fateful night in my first year of uni. Turning up to the gig alone as was customary back then, I was eager to latch on to any person that responded to my slightly disturbing stalker glare. From the corner of my eye I spotted Sam, that quiet kid from my history tute who vagued out every lesson, didn't do his readings and drew on his hands all the time. Here was someone I could relate to. Okay, so he wasn't as lonesome as me, arriving with Brodes but there was chemistry man. It turned out he was Woroni's music sub-editor and he riskily offered me a chance to review the god-awful Velvet Revolver album. My mature-age student baiting review caused a stir in the office and over the next twelve months Sam printed my reviews and features until he decided to pass the torch in June this year. Since then I have attended the hottest gigs in town with a sexy gal hanging off my shoulder and my name on the doorlist, no longer the lonely music-nerd once snubbed by the legendary music-nerd himself, Elvis Costello. I became a music journalist type, the "enemy" as Cameron Crowe pointed out in *Almost Famous* and I had "authoritah". In the past months I have learnt so much about the music industry, most surprisingly that it's full of great people who truly love music. We shouldn't hate them just because their jobs are cooler than ours. I must give special thanks to Sam, Brodes, Chloe, Lucy and contributor Ben for their unwavering support and friendliness as well as Erin - the "hot gal" who puts up with me. I hope I'm still around here next year because even though Woroni is hard work sometimes, it's the most fun work I've ever done.

**Nick Beresford-Wylie (Stowaway Bero)**  
General Sub-Editor

Woroni 2005 was a stressful year - luckily I was only sub-editor for three months of that year. However my hat (if I was wearing a hat, which I'm not, because I'm inside and it's rude to wear hats inside) goes off to all of my hard working Woroni editing colleagues especially Chloe and Lucy for being awesome and letting me into the wonderful world of Woroni (alliteration) as a sub. So what have I taken away from being a Woroni sub-editor? Well, without wanting to sound too wanky, I have gained a pretty good insight into the running of the magazine, of any small magazine and I can assure you it's tougher than it looks. I also learned how to use InDesign and Photoshop, which was

an added bonus. However I'd have to say that my favourite aspect was contributing and I'd encourage anyone who's into current affairs, film, literature, music, and can string a few sentences together, to give it a go. There's something undeniably cool about opening a magazine to find your name in bold letters at the top of a page.

Aside from the rocking Woroni crew, my thanks would have to go out to the Students Association for a) giving us a cool office and b) putting up with us, all my friends. Thanks to Diana, Tom and the 'Cravetone', Simone, my folks for giving me direction and support, alcoholism, rock music, all the Woroni contributors and everyone who bothered to pick up a Woroni and read. Okay, I'm out, it's been real. Work hard, drink up, read Woroni and remember *Hancock Basement likes you!*

**Sonya Russell (Rusty Peg-leg)**  
News Sub-Editor

As I've been sitting here frantically typing, I've realised that the only people that will care to read this are those that have contributed in some way to Woroni News for 2005. They have been plentiful and varied and have hopefully kept those few interested ANU students up-to-date and aware of the happenings around the campus.

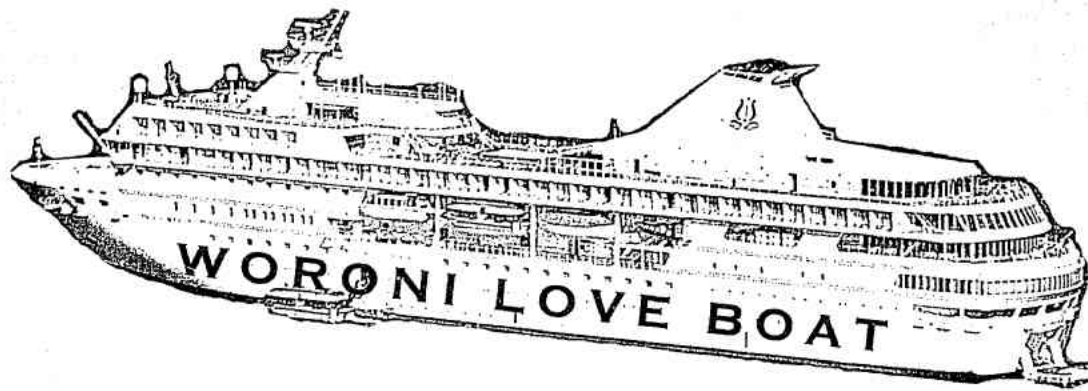
Woroni is a massive endeavour - far larger than I expected - so congratulations to all involved. I've had a less than spectacular year in 2005, but the help, guidance and company from different contributors made life just that little bit easier.

So thanks to each and every one of you - Adam and Alicia, Simone, Tim, Pat, Michelle, the Council of Tims, Kate, Isabelle, May and Russell (and those that I hopefully haven't forgotten or have chosen to remain anonymous).

To the two bosses, please accept a mixture of thanks and apologies. In between running away to another hemisphere, pushing the boundaries of deadlines far too far and generally not getting involved, I've questioned your choice of me as a sub-editor a few times. It sure has been fun though, so best of luck for next year.

This is Sonya Russell, reporting for the last time from Woroni News - good night!

PS: Mr Chubb, can I get my pool yet?



**Leo Shanahan (Smeeahan)**  
General Sub-Editor

I am taking time out of writing my thesis to do an indulgence piece for the final issue of this year's Woroni. Having an indulgence issue for a student magazine is a little like having an inane fuckwit episode of Rove Live - I thought it just came with the territory. Not that I have a problem with this, in fact it's kinda my point. Writing my thesis has taught me a few things. One is that I have no desire to be an academic. The second is that I have no ability to be an academic. The third is that when you don't have a television it doesn't make you work harder, you merely end up concocting episodes of TV programs after staring at a blank wall for a long period of time (the watermark is really beginning to look Sandra Sully). What it has really taught me is that the indulgence of doing almost nothing for years at university is to be valued.

I don't know about you but I really didn't do anything for about four years there. Sure I can't spell and I won't be winning any university medals but I had a great time. Imagine if you were one of these people who did work really hard and didn't get a university medal? That sure would suck (note: I am trying to psyche out potential high achievers).

The real world for me is not so much scary as it is boring. Nothing has the same gloss on it than it did just a few years ago. When the working world begins to encroach on you, you begins to view university as a means to an end rather than an end to itself. Everything you do begins to be viewed the prism of its relevance to getting a job or its lack of relevance to you getting a job. Then there are the more romantic options of not getting a job after university and doing something like travelling. I've travelled a lot throughout my time at university and was determined to keep it up post-graduation. Yet now I can't help thinking that I should work, as they say, "at least for a bit."

Besides my perceived dilemmas I should point out that you should never underestimate the importance of publications like this as a demonstration of university naivety. Accusations of self-indulgence and more general shithouseness are often levelled at student magazines like this one. But bagging out a student magazine is not only easy to the point of meaninglessness, it also misses the point. When else in life can you write ridiculously righteous and indigent pieces with no academic or professional credibility, and no matter what you do there are no consequences (note: The Green Left Weekly probably falls firmly into this category) other the seizures of embarrassment when you reread years later. Student magazines are university incarnate. They're indulgent, narcissistic and can be used to mop up beer and vomit.

**Jen Basham (Eye-Patch)**  
Literature Sub-Editor

Six years and an Arts degree later, I am soon leaving for Victoria, where a glass or two of red with my parents and a bit of pondering about my future, awaits. So delightfully institutionalised have I become here in this funky little community at ANU. Eons ago I arrived wild haired, badly dressed, socially retarded, a penchant for 9 beers too many. Not much has changed. I may not be wiser, but I gratefully know a little more stuff. I flirted with an Arts degree, and outright masqueraded in Law. For those ever cornered in a darkened alcove at Moose, served a half-cooked sausage, offended by my bad jokes, or nudity, or generally affronted by my existence - sorry. To the smackies who now own my bike/multiple phones/clothing that I drunkenly emancipated from ownership - I hope they serve you well. To all bar staff in Canberra, the writers of the books, the strangers on Action, those who serve coffee on campus and the woman who tried to get me to sniff her undies in the Fyshwick Salvo's - Thanks. Maybe, eventually, insanity is assured. For now it is enough to know great people, to have met and know you. It is those that I have stumbled, danced, skipped and sped along with that have made my boring little story into chaotic little adventure. Thank-you especially friends. You make my shoes have soul. You are the bubbles in my cheap champagne. Bad vinyl, worse jokes and fluffy cardigans go with me. But there will always be chess, painting, companionship, BBQ's and beer where I go. Come visit.

jennibash@hotmail.com

PS - I would suggest you all have Chloe and Lucy's babies, as both these ladies rock. But I want to have them first.

**Simone Gubler (Bonnie-Lass)**  
General Sub-Editor

This year, Woroni has been the cherry on the iced cake of uni life for me. It's been the rum in Davy Jones' locker. It's been the banana getting the blow job. I've loved working on this awesome rag this year, and I hope you've all had fun reading it. Thank you Lucy and Chloe for all of your support and encouragement. Thanks Nick Beresford-Wylie and Brodes for the solidarity brothers. Thanks for nothing Brendan Nelson. And good luck to next year's crew, I hope you have as much fun producing Woroni as this year's editorial staff have had.

# Corr Blimey and Vivienne Westwood: Pirate-inspired Fashion

By Chelsea Snow

Although I've been known to bitch and moan endlessly about the dull aspects of pedestrian Canberran life, there are times when I'm proud to identify with being a Canberran. One of those such times was last summer, when our city was treated to the Vivienne Westwood exhibition at the National Gallery. The exhibition was amazing, particularly due to the way that it combined fashion, art and history through narrative, without compromising on style or aesthetics. To be honest, I wasn't exactly a die-hard Westwood fan as far as fashion goes – I had only really heard of her in reference to The Sex Pistols. I'm inclined to believe that most people were in the same position as me before they attended the exhibition: one was able to recognise a distinct style when viewing her fashion, however were unable to attribute it to one designer. However, after spending a good two hours lazily browsing the exhibition, one is able to become a half-assed aficionado of all things Westwood, and is able to recognize the incredible and far-reaching influence her fashion has had on other designers. What becomes evident about Westwood's career is the way she works in strictly defined styles. My favourite era of hers was that of her 1980s foray into Pirate themed fashion. The clothes were completely outrageous, but playful and reminiscent of playing dress-ups as a kid. Tartan prints, billowy blouses and eccentric accessories characterized this era.

As I mentioned before, two hours in a dimly lit gallery made me an amateur Westwood expert. I would watch Rage in my terribly scrappy pajamas and arrogantly comment on how Gwen Stefani and Madonna owed so much to her designs. I would watch Annie Hall and wonder if Diane Keaton was aware that her signature style was largely attributed to Westwood's designs. To summarize, I had fully indulged in my Art degree wankership quota, and was undeniably the most irritating person to be around for a good month. So it was no surprise that when three of my friends became involved in a local fashion show, Corr Blimey's Rare Breeds, my wanker antlers caught wind of this and my inner-dick-head went into over-drive. My three friends were modeling for Corr Blimey, a local fashion company made up of two Canberra designers Steven Wright and Louisa de Smet. The two met in 1999 at the Canberra Institute of Technology and after a joint parade in 2000, decided to join forces and create their own label.

Although the parade to showcase Corr Blimey's Rare Breeds collection wasn't open to the general public, I was

fortunately privy to photographs of the collection. The designs blew me away. Although the designs shared similar attributes with Westwood's 1981 Pirate collection, there was a distinctly unique nautical theme about them. The Rare Breeds collection was tied together through the use of prints, the cut and style of the pants and the overall accessories which gave the collection an overall sense of cohesion. Big buckles, cropped pants with stockings underneath, and large collars were definitely signifiers of a pirate-like influence.



Currently, Corr Blimey is working on a new collection to showcase at Artcore, Canberra's Creative Convergence taking place on October 16th. If you're interested in Corr Blimey's fashions or are just curious to find out more about one of Canberra's most innovative labels, head on over to <http://www.corrblimey.com.au>.



# Fashion Corr Blimey 2005 Collection



*All designs copyright Corr Blimey, 2005. Photographed by Alana and Bec.*







*All designs copyright Corr Blimey, 2005.*

# Opera

## La Boheme by Puccini

Production by Opera Australia  
Directed by Simon Phillips  
Sydney Opera House  
Saturday August 20th  
*Reviewed by Lucy Stackpool*



Above: Opera Australia's La Boheme

The Sydney Opera House really is perfectly designed for viewing opera. It is a breathtakingly beautiful venue with its glass windows to peer from with a half-time daiquiri, and the opera theatre is small enough to be intimate, with no bad seats (unless you can't see the surtitles). The last time I saw an opera at the Sydney Opera House was in 2001, for Opera Australia's production of another of Puccini's work, *Il Trittico*. That production was great - particularly the last third with the hilarious story of Gianni Schicchi, which included the repeated line, and accompanying actions, "he waves goodbye with his stump." That night was really magical, but to my amazement, La Boheme in August was even more so.

Miriam Gordon-Stewart, who played Mimi, was an absolutely show-stopping singer. She really did justice to Mimi's solo aria in the first act, and sang consistently well throughout the night. In fact, the four principals were all excellent. Jamie Allen stood-in for Rodolfo and did a brilliant job considering the short-notice. Amelia Farrugia played a lively and cheeky Musetta, and Marcello, played by Jared Holt, had just an exceptional voice. The orchestra seemed to have done a perfect job and keep a good pace for the night.

The set was absolutely amazing. It was really colourful and lavish, but was designed for a contemporary period and had delightfully-odd touches like milk crates alongside the rich wall designs. It looked like a heightened version of reality, rather than outright fantasy (which I suspect, from the stills, was the case with Baz Luhrmann's 2002 Broadway production of La Boheme). I'm sure I wasn't the only one in the audience who did a double take when the set for Act I lifted off the ground and went completely into the roof, to reveal a bustling market-place scene below for Act II. The marketplace was just breathtaking; it was so detailed with such vibrant colours and reflected the mood of the Act extremely well.

The costuming was also exceptional, and I'm sure Michelle would have loved it. The contemporary clothes were chic and heightened by the accessories. Mimi had a delightful little baker's boy cap, and Musetta had a classic quilted black Chanel-style bag (although I suspect it wasn't the real thing as I couldn't see a gilt chain). La Boheme is an incredibly beautiful opera with so many exquisite arias, but this production was exceptionally enthralling.

## Carmen by Bizet

Production by OzOpera  
Directed by Adam Cook  
Canberra Theatre  
Thursday September 15th  
*Reviewed by Lucy Stackpool*

This production was great, and really showed that there is a need for OzOpera, Opera Australia's little-sister regional touring company. Because of the different focus in bringing opera to the bush, I appreciated that the English translation, by Keith and Emma Warner, was performed.

Because it was a travelling opera with a comparatively small budget, the production understandably lacked the advantages of a lavish set and a large orchestra and cast. Having said that, the singers and musicians were no less professional than their Sydney counterparts, and really made the production worthwhile.

Carmen, played by Tania Ferris, was stand out singer and actress. I was a little disappointed with the acting of Dan Jose, played by Kent Maddock, but he did have, nevertheless, a wonderful voice. The small orchestra, conducted by Patrick Miller, also did a magnificent job considering their size.

The set was a little disappointing because it was so sparse, which is understandable as OzOpera obviously had to pack and unpack it in a few hours. Yet, the furnishings could have been more detailed. I understand that the silver wall was supposed to convey a feeling of hardness, and I think that the designer, Stephen Cutis, got this right. It was the orange wall which disappointed me the most, and although it did reflect life, but I think light burgundy could possibly have been a better choice to reflect both contrast of softness and passion.

The costuming was particularly excellent, with the ladies featuring in brightly coloured full skirts, corsets and for Micaela, a cardigan. The military uniforms and civilian clothing for the men was also notable. All in all, OzOpera's Carmen was a wonderful production.

# Theatre

Phoenix Players production of  
Little Shop of Horrors  
Directed by Kelda McManus  
Street Theatre  
Saturday 24th September  
*Reviewed by Behold, McNeil!*



I really ought to have seen this on the Friday night, since the action would have been happening on the same day in the show as in reality, and that would have been creepy. But instead I saw it the day after and so no pseudo-existentialist ramblings of parallel worlds bothered my occasionally pretty little head, which meant I wasn't distracted from what was quite a good show. The script for *Little Shop of Horrors* presents the implosion of the American Dream in such an enjoyable manner and with such engaging and sympathetic protagonists, that the fact that it is also a musical (singing! dancing!) just makes it all the better.

The three-piece girl group in their matching costumes worked wonderfully well, functioning almost as a Greek chorus commenting on the foolish actions of the main characters. They were able to move easily between singing as a threesome and acting as various loiterers on Skid Row. Dave Evans' portrayal of Seymour was rather touching, capturing well the sweet but none too bright boy who is manipulated by a bloodthirsty plant. His rendition of *Suddenly Seymour* had very few loose notes and the sincerity of Seymour's love for Audrey was very well presented during this number, never toppling into the campy bathos the music threatens. Amy Dunham was appealing as the vulnerable and somewhat insecure Audrey (never tawdry despite the animal prints); and what really impressed me was that she kept her great accent during her songs, keeping up the characterisation of an ordinary girl from Skid Row. David Cannell stole every scene he was in, vibrantly vicious as the sadistic dentist who inhales nitrous oxide for fun but who won't give his patients any. It was rather a far cry from jumping about on the Playhouse stage in the Old Time Music Hall a few years ago dressed in a dinosaur costume and wishing he was a real dinosaur.

The set was effective, with hoardings and billboards providing the street while also allowing the contrast between the derelict Skid Row and the fictional dream that advertising creates. The exteriors of Mushnik's florist and a nondescript grey building formed the part of Skid row closest to the audience and these two buildings slid across into the centre of the stage to open into the interior of the florist's shop and the dental surgery with its working antique dental equipment respectively. The rickety feel of the buildings

may have been the result of a tight budget but the effect worked well, with the slightly askew angles reinforcing the decrepitude of downtown. Besides which, amateur productions are great and should be allowed some leeway in the areas of props, costumes and sets, since even professional arts companies can't get enough funding these days (Melbourne Opera Company anyone? No thanks, say the people who decide these things, Australia can't afford two opera companies, so we'll just close down the one in the cultural capital of the country and rename the one in Sydney Opera Australia and expect anyone who wants a career as a professional opera singer to move to Sydney. Of course if you want a career in sport, this is an entirely different matter; we'll give you grants galore and do our best to make you succeed, because one person winning stuff apparently reflects the whole nation's ability or spirit or something, whereas pretentious, arty, elitist theatre does not. We'll support David Williamson, but that's because he brought footy into the theatre, and that can only be a good thing because it's footy, mate, even if it's that funny type they play down there in Melbourne. Okay, rant over, back to the review).

The costumes were well designed (even if they showed the same occasional creakiness of construction as the sets, but we've explained that already), particularly the three-piece girl group's two-tone lolly-coloured empire line frocks and matching shoes. Mr Mushnik's misbuttoned brown cardigan and old tweed suit were also rather fun, highlighting the neurotic and unsuccessful florist's slightly manic disposition. Audrey's animal prints were sweetly tacky; but the white dress she wore in her final scene was a little clichéd.

The criticism of American society's obsession with success at any cost is well presented in this musical, even if the effect is hilarious rather than sobering. But the very fact that the audience laughs as Orin the sadistic dentist (costume note – the picture of a tooth on the back of his jacket dripping blood was a great touch) suffocates and Seymour watches, helplessly caught between a carnivorous plant and his conscience, shows that we are aware of the absurdity of the American Dream. And since it's the pirate issue, aarrgh, me hearties, ahoy!

# Music

## Summer Festivals

by Nick Craven

Ah, I can smell it in the air! Oh, wait that's that cotton stuff that gives me hay fever. Still, summer is coming. The season in which pirates come out of their treasure caves to brave the seven seas again. Everyone knows pirates love to party so set your sails me 'earties for a festival this summer!



### Big Day Out

To be frank the Big Day Out is the best day of the year. It'll be even better than the day The OC returns (it's a big call but it's true). BDO rivals any overseas festival, showcasing the best international and Australian artists and covering all musical genres. I remember the burning sensation in my fourteen-year-old eyes when Courtney Love revealed her breasts at BDO '99. I laugh about thinking someone had spiked my slurpy as I experienced the euphoria of the Flaming Lips in 2004. I even recall seeing a moving midday set by some band called Coldplay in 2001 and thinking they could potentially go beyond being a one-hit wonder if they just got the right break. Judging by the first round announcements, the BDO 2006 line-up will provide even more glorious experiences. Leading the charge this time are dynamic duo **The White Stripes** and the buff elder statesman of punk, **Iggy Pop** with **The Stooges**. If dancing is your thing then check out the mighty **Franz Ferdinand**, **Soulwax** and **2ManyDJs**. Rhymes will be spat by New Zealand's finest, **Dei Hamo**, emo kids will be freaking for **A.F.I** and **The Mars Volta** will bring the prog. There's also **Kings of Leon**, **Sleater-Kinney**, **The Magic Numbers**, **The Living End**, **Gerling**, **Cut Copy**, **The Grates**, **Magic Dirt**, **End of Fashion**, **Faker**, **Youth Group** and **Wolf and Cub**. Many more awesome acts will be announced soon so keep checking the BDO website ([www.bigdayout.com](http://www.bigdayout.com)) for updates. On top of all the fantastic performers there is the Lilypad (a stage of crazy comedic hi-jinx that is an experience unto itself), international food markets, amusement rides and the atmosphere of the biggest party in the world. BDO 2006 hits Auckland on January 20th, Gold Coast on January 22nd, Sydney on January 26th, Melbourne on January 29th, Adelaide on February 3rd and Perth on February 5th. Tickets are \$110 plus booking fee and on sale from Friday 14th October at Landspeed Records, Ticketmaster and the BDO website. All festivals seem to be selling out quickly this year so make sure you get in fast. Heroes will be seen, brain-cells will be lost and random strangers will be pushed. Shout yourself a Big Day Out this summer!



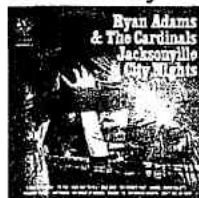
### The Falls Festival

The Falls is a two-day festival with two of Australia's most picturesque locations to choose from: the Otway Rainforest in Lorne, Victoria, and Marion Bay in Tasmania. Both are situated in beautiful natural settings and make for a unique festival experience that captures the essence of the Australian summer experience. If chilling out is your thang then Falls is your festival. What's more is it takes place from December 30th to January 1st, the best way in Australia to celebrate New Year's. Not only do you get to frolic among the splendour of the Australian wilderness but you also get to see some of the most outstanding artists around. While you blissfully communicate with cockatoos, have a listen to everybody's favourite stoners **The Dandy Warhols** or how about you break the chilled vibe for a while to rock out to Aussie legends **The Hoodoo Gurus**. Maybe you should get deep with the infectious **The Shins** or dance under the stars to the eclectic sounds of **Ozomatli**. There are other acts to enjoy including **Wolfmother**, **The Zutons**, **Sarah Blasko**, **The Beautiful Girls**, **End of Fashion**, **The White Buffalo**, **Dallas Crane**, **The Grates**, **Pete Murray** and many more to be announced. There are healing tents, a moonlight cinema, an open-mic stage for audience members to show their skills and more. The best way to get there would be to take a road trip, mainly because you can travel along the Great Ocean Road but also because anyone who's seen Easy Rider knows that road trips rock so long as you don't get shot by rednecks on your return trip. However, those of us who don't own cars can check out [www.fallsfestival.com](http://www.fallsfestival.com) for transport alternatives. The first allocation tickets sold out in record time and a second allocation will be announced any day so keep an eye on the website. Tickets include camping so get some mates together and get back to nature for the Falls!



# Music

Ryan Adams  
*Jacksonville City Nights*  
Review by Sam Lonard



Since his first solo outing in 2000 with his critically acclaimed *Heartbreaker*, Ryan Adams has refused to sit still, releasing seven albums and covering almost as many genres. So, it's no surprise that he's finally gone full circle and released a country epic in *Jacksonville City Nights*. Sonically, this is the closest Adams has come to his band *Whiskeytown* since their demise in the late nineties. Whereas *Whiskeytown*, however, mastered the alt-country genre, Adams achieves a far more straight forward country sound on this album, from the lap steels and despairing lyrics right down to the early sixties style raw production. Opening tracks 'A Kiss Before I Go' and 'The End' set the mood early with their simple and unassuming arrangements, and the album barely puts a foot wrong through to the last echoes of violin on album closer 'Don't Fail Me Now'. Adams has never been one to shy away from letting his influences show in his work, and on *Jacksonville City Nights*, the influence of country greats Fred Neil, Emmylou Harris, and in particular, Gram Parsons, find their place in almost every track. This isn't an overly original album, but true country, just like blues, has always been more about pure emotion and honesty, and on *Jacksonville City Nights*, Adams opens his heart for all to see. Lyrically brilliant and brimming with candour, Adams has created a modern day country classic.

Roots Manuva  
*ANU Bar 24th September*  
Review by Nick Craven



The Londoner known to his parents as Rodney Smith drew an unusual crowd of indie kids, hip-hop purists, ravers and gangsta wannabes to the ANU with his eclectic mix of hip-hop, dub, reggae and trip-hop. As he approached the stage, it became apparent that the man was as unusual as his music, calling for "all astronauts to take their positions." Wearing a suit-jacket, singlet, scarf and no 'bling', Manuva looked far removed from most modern rappers. Such contradictions made his live show a spectacle. His seven-piece band, including a guitarist that looked like a System of a Down understudy, brought the intricate studio recordings alive with an added bombast that caused involuntary shuffling of the feet. The backup MC complemented Manuva's diverse vocal styling without intruding heavily on the rhymes, a problem rife among overly extroverted MCs. Manuva's jovial demeanor was most entertaining as he commanded the audience to join him in his increasingly drunken state so that "Canberra City" could become one big party. He freestyled about our "interesting" porn laws, suggested we do stretches before executing a room-shaking rendition of 'Witness' and pleaded that the audience stop swearing before calling for a "Fuck Yeah!" moments later. A consummate performer who freely admits a foray into mental instability, Manuva not only knows how to make his show a fun night out, but also a deeper experience. 'Too Cold' from his aptly titled new album *Awfully Deep* had the masses singing "sometimes I love myself, sometimes I hate myself", a poignant moment amongst the lighter shenanigans of girls running onstage. Having stated on *Awfully Deep* that, "this could well be my last LP" we should pray that gigs like this re-affirm his love of the game so we can do it all over again.

The Rolling Stones  
*A Bigger Bang*  
Review by Ben Hermann



Before listening to this album, many people may have expected either another generic, run-of-the-mill Stones money-maker, or possibly a strangely experimental new-age Stones-esque album to impress young people. However, what you get is neither. Rather than sounding forced, it smacks of the songwriting of a band still drinking from the fountain of musical youth, uninhibited by the pressure to impress. Although the opener, 'Rough Justice', is so classically Stones (so much so that one may believe the album as a whole to be another no-brainer), the energy and lust in Jagger's voice hints at the possibility of something different; a type of re-birth. 'Rain Fall Down' contains funk and reggae overtones, sounding like a cross between a Jamaican protest song and a porn soundtrack, while another highlight, 'Biggest Mistake', is a loving, tender ballad that suggests that the Stones aren't too worried about perpetuating their "lock up your daughters" reputation. There is still a potent dose of energy and raw party-blues in 'Oh No Not You Again', while 'Look What the Cat Dragged In' epitomizes the contradictory elements of the album. The presence of such thumping beats and rock 'n' roll energy alongside of lyrics about being disturbed while reading the Sunday paper actually works. While there are definitely lowlights - 'Sweet Neo-Con' has passable melodies but appallingly amateurish lyrics - the album as a whole is definitely one of the most satisfying things the Stones have produced in a while. They may be eligible for old-age pensions, but that doesn't seem to bother them anymore.

# Literature

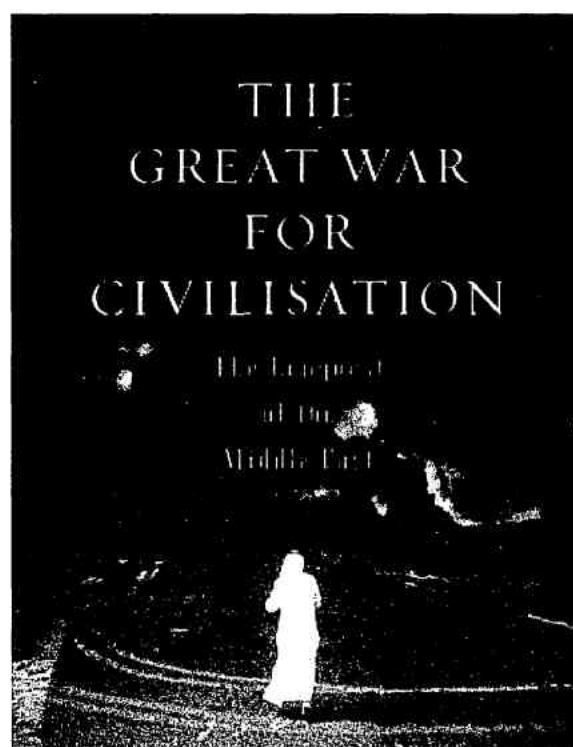
The Great War for Civilization:  
The Conquest of the Middle East (forthcoming)  
By Robert Fisk

*"Journalists should strive to be the first impartial witnesses to history"*

On Tuesday the 4th of October, a hoard of Robert Fisk admirers, readers, and those generally curious though quite ignorant such as myself, descended upon the Coombs Lecture theatre, filling every seat, isle and step space that was possible. We were there to hear Fisk give a lecture on the topic of his new book, *The Great War for Civilization: The Conquest of the Middle East*. I personally found it one of the most absorbing, articulate, often quite darkly funny and enlightening lectures of its kind. Much of this is attributable to the fact that Fisk both began and finished his lecture with the stories of individuals. Of missiles that had whistled past his shoulders, of personal tragedies, and even of the legacy that World War I burnt into the psyche of his father; all stories that would eventually drive him to become a foreign correspondent.

As an author and journalist with UK's *The Independent*, and syndicated all over the world, Fisk is quite prolific. He is also perhaps one of the best known and most renowned foreign correspondents of his generation, having won more British and international journalistic awards than any of his peers.

Fisk is extremely knowledgeable in affairs of the Middle East, having been based in Beirut for over 25 years, he has witnessed the many conflicts that have unfolded there during that time. In particular, he has written an extensive and acclaimed account of the conflict in Lebanon. He is also one of the few, and perhaps last Westerners to have ever have met and interviewed Osama Bin Laden.



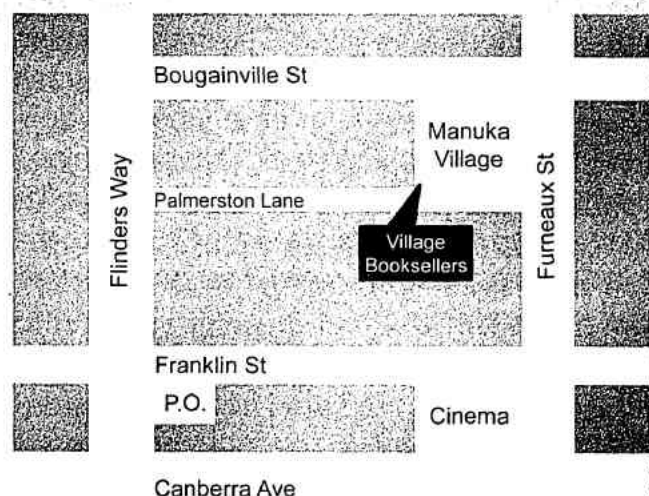
ROBERT FISK

On Iraq, his experiences proved quite instructive. Describing Bagdad as a 'city of walls', he outlined the 'hotel journalism' that now preoccupies those journalists ensconced within their own compounds, surrounded by guards, who are unable to move beyond the walls. Certifying the 'facts' handed to them by the Allied occupiers, is little more than a phone call to one of their compatriots, sitting in another compound, somewhere in the Greenzone.

Curiously too, he outlined the little studied British occupation of Iraq early in the twentieth century, which he details in his book. It was an episode in which startling comparisons could be drawn to the current situation, and as Fisk described it, "It is as though history is a gigantic echo chamber."

His book has already garnered high praise from those who have been fortunate enough to read it, and I have ordered a copy myself. Indeed if you are an admirer of Fisk's, or simply interested in the events still unfolding in the region, then this book will certainly be worth a look upon its release.

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## You Can't Take the Sky From Me: Joss Whedon on *Serenity*

By Lydia Makaroff

*What does one do after writing a television series about a blonde high-school girl who slays vampires? One writes a movie about seven pioneers living on the outskirts of space, in a spaceship that is shaped like a firefly.*

I knew that Joss Whedon was coming to Australia sometime in September, and as former President of the Slayer Society, I simply had to meet him. However, not even Google could tell me when he was arriving. So I decided to call up UIP directly, as they were the ones publicising his appearance.

Two weeks later, and I was on the top floor of the Hotel Intercontinental with ten other members of the street press. There was a spectacular view of the Opera House and the Bridge, but I was too nervous to appreciate it. I banded together with the geekiest of the geeks, and we calmed our nerves by discussing the science-fiction series *Firefly*, and how it was destroyed by Fox. They refused to play the first episode first. They refused to allow it to be broadcast in widescreen. They didn't even like the horses. And then, they took the latest show produced by Joss Whedon, the God of television, and suddenly axed it in the middle of its first series. The general consensus was that Fox is Evil.

Then talk turns to Universal - the studio that believed *Serenity* was an important story yet to be told. The studio that bought Fox's rights to the show, and turned it into the first film ever written and directed by Joss Whedon. *Serenity* was the reason why we were all there - "a sci-fi action drama about the price of freedom."

Suddenly, I saw some people walk into the room, and they were followed by some guy in a light shirt with an ink-stain, jeans, sneakers, and a receding hairline. That wasn't some guy. That was Joss Whedon. In the room. Joss. He sat down, and there was a long awed silence. I scribbled in my notebook "Joss." Then "Joss," again. Joss smiled at us all, "Oh look, a gathering of

friends has sprung up spontaneously." He talked about how he had not written *Serenity* for the fans (the Browncoats as we call ourselves). He wrote it for people who perhaps have no coats at all. It was written for the person who only walked into the movie because it was raining outside. To do otherwise would be a grave disservice to Universal's investment.

While he aimed to alter popular culture, his main goal was simply to tell a good story. He wanted to make a popcorn movie that was thoughtful. He loves little thoughtful humanistic films, and he loves popcorn films with lots of explosions, and he wished that they could somehow mate and make a child. So he wrote a story of a Victorian little girl inside these giant spaceships, probably because those are two of his favourite images. Life is not any one thing, so why should movies be restricted to specific genres?

He talked about the crew of *Serenity* - seven people living in a boat at the edge of the galaxy. They have so little, yet they make so much out of it. They nail a wooden table over the metal bench in the kitchen, because that is where they're going to live. They stencil floral prints in the galley, because they were making do with what they had. Science fiction doesn't have to be antiseptic. It should be about earth, dirt, and life.

I asked Joss about the leader, Mal. He had lost so much. Where did he get his strength? Joss looked at me, and furrowed his eyebrows. In a way, it was not about strength. It was about not caring if you were outgunned, and it was about not caring if you hadn't got a chance.

There was a great deal of thought put into this movie. It might not have been coherent thought, but there was a lot of it. If people respond to that, then that is wonderful. Still, Joss says, if no-one is entertained, then none of it matters. I thank him, and grab a photo. He said, "I like your jacket."

# Film

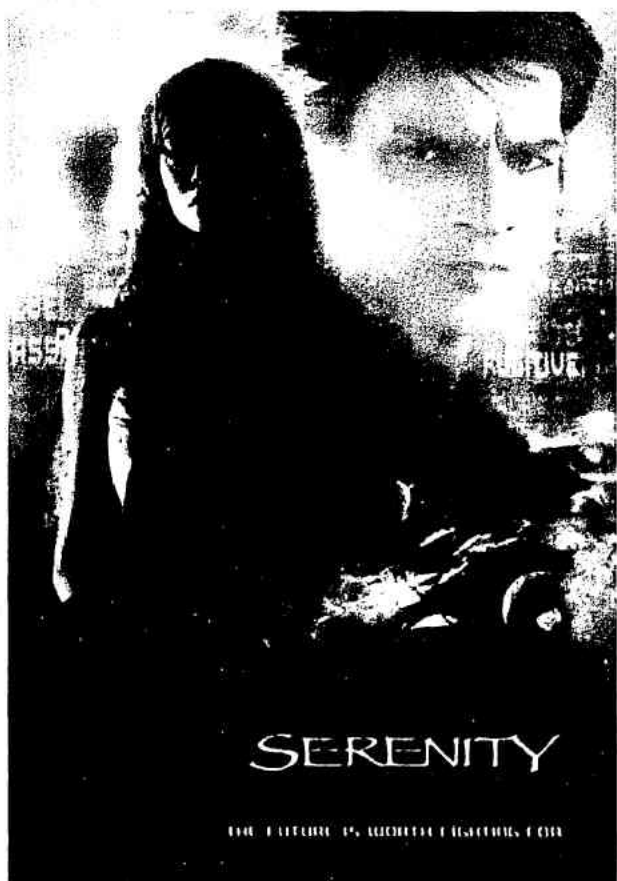
## Serenity

Directed by Joss Whedon

Reviewed by Megan McKeough

Going into this movie, I felt nauseous even before I had purchased my mandatory Twisties and Sprite. Sci-fi - horrible. Spaceships - snore. Fighting some intergalactic, Space Invaders war in some junky rocket ship - give me a break. Though I am a self-confessed Buffy geek, I was settled in for a light nap as *Serenity* began.

Well, I was half-right. For what it is, this movie is slightly more than the usual sci-fi feast. It has all of what you expect, but with more humour thrown in and some compelling and well-drawn characters. While there are some loose ends floating around the place throughout this film, it was originally a TV series and loose ends are pretty much required in a TV series these days - just take a look at *Lost*. As for the anticipated fight scenes, they were great even though they embrace that new shaky 'who knows what's going on' style, and the snuffing evil creatures had me cringing in disgust. The plot is pretty good, though getting a handle on the exact motivations of going on a suicide mission was a problem for me. In typical Joss style, it's witty and funny, with many surprises along the way and enough eye-candy to keep even the most hardened anti-sci-fi viewer awake. I didn't end up dozing, after all. I think the sign of an all right movie is if I have trouble immediately separating the movie from reality as I leave the cinema - and I was genuinely worried that I'd return from the toilet to find my movie partner ravaged to bits by a savage beast. Not a classic, but good for the genre.



## Wallace & Gromit: Curse of the Were-Rabbit

Directed by Nick Park and Steve Box

Reviewed by Rachael Kendrick

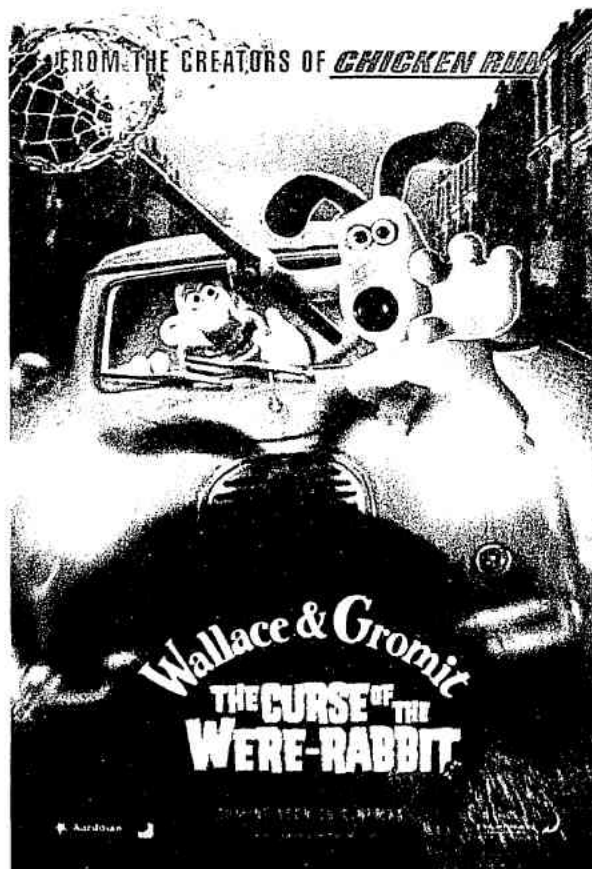
This movie has a dog with a coin purse in it. That dog is in a small, impractically designed aircraft zooming implausibly around a stereotypical Ye Olde English Manor House that I imagine was skilfully hewn from plasticine. That dog is participating in a rather lengthy, and unlikely, action sequence in this film from claymation gods Aardman Animation.

Quite frankly, I liked their old stuff better than their new stuff.

My dad loved Wallace and Gromit, and I don't think he'd like this new one. The student film grunge of, I don't know, what's it called? The one with the moon? The moon made out of cheese and Wallace goes there and there's a robot and - Google isn't helping me here, so I imagine it doesn't exist. Anyway, that was good. The 'Wrong Trousers' was also very good because the word 'trousers' is funny and trousers designed by NASA are funnier.

This was a bit too cleanly done, and the Ye Olde Quainte English Village stuff was laid on a bit too thickly for my liking. It was like a Biggles novel gone cute. There was the batty vicar, the condescending aristocrat, the grizzled but lovable townsfolk. Hell, at the appropriate moment they even busted out the pitchforks and went a huntin'. But I found it hard to suspend my disbelief, and I found it hard to like the bumbling Wallace, even though he has jug ears, likes cheese and is made of Fimo.

It was okay. Take your nanna or your baby momma's kids - she'll love you for it.





## Sail to the Cinema: Pirates at the Pictures

Top movies that come with Pirates included

### Pirates of the Caribbean

Hollywood does it right for once in this fun and entertaining blockbuster with pretty boy Orlando and sexy beast Johnny heading up some good names. The self-explanatory title puts this at the top of my list, that and because Johnny's wonderful drunk Keith Richards impersonation as Jack Sparrow is the most entertaining thing since aluminium foil in the microwave. Good plot, good performances, and great viewing if you're willing to stop being a film wanker for a few hours.

### The Princess Bride

This movie is such a classic, I tear up every time I even see the cover. Brilliantly awful, this timeless story follows the adventures of Buttercup, the Dread Pirate Roberts, and a motley crew along for the ride for one reason or another. There's a twist, too! Strap in for fairy tale fun with this one, complete with enormous rats, quicksand and a giant. Check out Fred Savage and relive your own Wonder Years.

### Peter Pan/Hook

The tale of a boy who never grew up is one of the best stories around, and with mermaids and indians on offer too,

it's fantasy island festivities in Never Never Land. More than enough imagination here for even the most boring git, Peter Pan even has some of that dreaded subtext beneath it, and of course gets top marks for linking into a Depp movie, *Finding Neverland*.

### The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou

Though not strictly *about* pirates, this amazing film deserves mention for just being amazing, though odd. Besides, there were pirates *in* it, and just because it wasn't called *The Life Aquatic with Pirates*, don't dismiss it as a fantastic part of pirate discourse. The pirates here are neither entertaining like Sparrow nor hook-handed like Hook, but they do play poker and have a dog with a missing leg. Good for them.

### Dodgeball

Come on, who could forget the scene where the guy who dresses like a pirate looks wistfully into a street window, only to be pelted with an ice cream moments later? Cinema gold I tell you; to bollocks with *Citizen Kane*. Scraping the barrel a little here, there's just some guy in the crowd of dodgeball playing losers who thinks he's a pirate. No mutiny, no swords, but he has an eye patch and lots of hair.

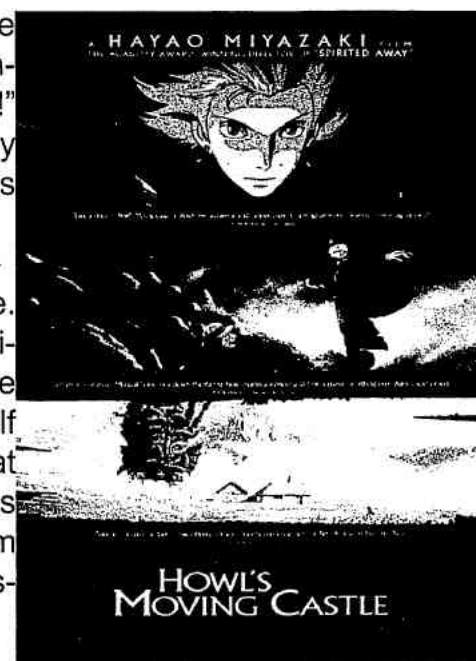
## Howl's Moving Castle

Directed by Hayao Miyazaki

Reviewed by Claire Holden, seen at Electric Shadows

We should blame *The Simpsons*. If we hadn't been shown such a good cartoon, we would never know that Japanese Anime was so damn bad. "Shh," we would tell the cynics, "it just isn't possible to have lips move in time with dialogue. Don't expect too much!" A similar excuse would be offered for the way tears spurt out at right angles, or the way corny symphonies are used to convey emotion - and hey, I find the Samurai Pizza Cats song as catchy as the next person.

Naturally, it was with an element of cynicism that I went to see *Howl's Moving Castle*. My friend had filled us in on the basics: girl lives in a magical world, meets sexy magician, falls victim to nasty curse and tries to reverse its power. She missed out on one vital thing, however - and that was funniness. The guy next to me spent the first half hour chanting "this is random" over and over - and he wasn't wrong. Turnip heads. Fat witches. Talking fires with a penchant for burning bacon. Finally, a film that promotes ADD tendencies! Make sure you take money for a post-film gathering, as this is a film that requires much analysis and perhaps a slice of lemon meringue. That is, if the obesity of the witch doesn't put you off first.



# Art and Photography

## Art Report

By Sarah Firth

Artcore, Canberra's Creative Convergence will be blasting off on Sunday the 16th of October from 11am until 12am at night, for one day only (the last day of Floriade). This all ages festival will showcase the artistic output of talented, creative young people in Canberra. Artcore will go on to become an annual event, promoting and networking young artists in the ACT Region. The M16 Studio and Gallery space is the venue at 16 Mildura St Fyshwick (just up from Fyshwick Fresh Food Markets). There is free parking or catch an Action bus on routes 36, 39 and 80 to the Kingston Railway Station, and M16 is just down the road. Tickets are available through Canberra Ticketing or at the door. Entry is only \$5.00 for the whole 13 hours (you can come and go as much as you want) and includes a free copy of the latest issue of Lip magazine. There will be food and coffee stalls, and the Kingston Bus Depot Markets will also be open just up the road if you want to pop there for an alternative snack.

The day will be jam packed with music, art, installation, a short film festival, collaborative art projects for everyone to get involved in, such as the ten meter long drawing wall, performance, and fashion parades, plus the Artcore shop stocked with zines, magazines, fashion, jewelry and music. The line up for the music includes: Vorn Doolette, Stalker, Switch 3, Brisk, Burbs of Boom, Twintanks, Alien Digit, The Corgi Crisis, Eileen Francisco, Milkbar Nick, Quagmire, Young and Restless, Warwick Lynch and Alex Thorogood.

Multimedia/performance and interdisciplinary art work will be shown by: Adi Firth, Simon Scheuerle, Black Cat and White Cat, The Contextual Villains, Hana Davies, Lee Dewar, Sarah Firth, Tom Hall, Mitchell Joe, Chris Mules, Paul Summerfield, Dan Bell, Thomas Meade Gaskin, Corinna Berndt, Mel Fitzmaurice and Antonia Aitkin.

Short films will be shown by: Matthew Fallon, Marisa Martin, Warwick Lynch, Ben Nunney, Raen Beaux, Steve When, Emily Commens, Amin Palangi, Belinda Barancewicz, Ben Nguyen, Mary Benn, Clare Farrell, James Baker, and Marieka Walsh.

Fashion display and fashion parades will be presented by: Corr Blimey, Ellen Christian, Madam Mosh and sickinmilk. For the program, details and for artists' biographies and

information visit:

<http://www.lipmag.com> and follow the Artcore link.

At the School of Art Gallery, Terra Alterius: Land of Another will be showing from the 6th to the 30th of October. This exhibition imagines Australia as a newly discovered land, rather than being tied to its historical precedent. The newly commissioned works of 12 established indigenous and non - indigenous artists, respond to this idea of Australia as terra Alterius. It is a glimpse into another Australia; a place where the European and Indigenous cultures first met and interacted with respect and curiosity towards each others existence, difference, values and culture.

Graduating Visual Art students from 2005 completing Honours, Bachelor of Arts or the Diploma of Art, will exhibit their work in the School of Art Gallery, and in departments around the Art School, from the 3rd until the 11th of December. The grand opening night is on Friday 2nd of December at 6pm. Work from students in textiles, sculpture, wood, painting, photo media, gold and silversmithing, printmedia and drawing, glass and ceramics will be on exhibition. I urge everyone to come along, show their support, have a free drink and a nibble, and sample the diversity and talent of ANU's emerging artists.

Back on Friday the 23rd of September in the School of Art Gallery, performance artists organized yet another theatrical and experimental evening that ranged from finger knitting, a board meeting, cardboard box destroying, and food fights to spoken word and experimental sound creation on exercise bikes. Among the performance line-up of Tom Hall, Avatron, Janet Meaney, TQ, Quercy Glosse and Brian Hinksman, video documentation of Mike Parr's Leg Spiral performance was featured.

Finally, Good Looking: Narrative Photographs Past and Present, is on at the National Library until 30th of October. The work of 11 Australian artists is being exhibited: John William Lindt, Martyn Jolly, Fred Kruger, Edwin George Adamson, Frank Hurley, Robert Rooney, Virginia Coventry, Ian North, Tracy Moffatt, Jane Burton and Kenneth Pleban.

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# Comic

By Sarah Firth

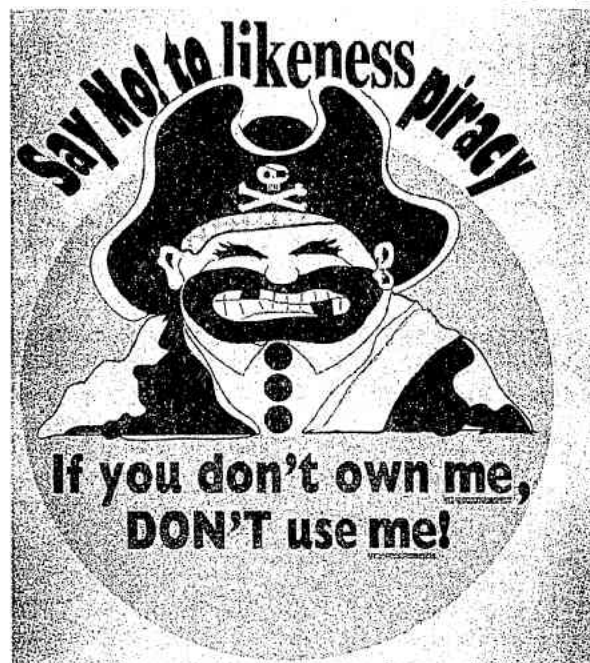
## Captain Vagabond - the perfect man



# Information Technology

Is Piracy Such a Bad Thing?

By Rachael Kendrick



If the ads are to be believed, every time you download an illegal movie a stuntman dies. You also fund terrorism, contribute to the abuse of children and puppies, and confirm to the CIA that you are, in fact, a communist. Not to mention the fact that you're breaking the law, what with Australia-based file sharing network Kazaa found liable for all the pirated music circulating on their networks this September. It seems that filesharing, or piracy (yarrgh), is a lot like masturbation. Everyone does it, we all talk about it, and a small but vocal group are horrified we'd even contemplate it. Personally, I use Limewire to get off. That is when I don't just get up and walk across the room.

Truth be told, I don't think the RIAA (if you don't know who they are google 'Metallica + asshole', and I think you'll be pleasantly surprised) should be all that concerned about the filesharing networks. It seems the majority of files don't get passed around on your Groksters and your Napsters and your BitTorrents and what have you. Don't get me wrong, I know y'all got your .avi of Janet Jackson's nipple through some shady interweb back alley, and we all use them sometimes, but where did the majority of your Mp3 collection come from? You probably hooked up your computer with a friend's and let them make sweet love, let your Salt n' Pepa mingle with their Mariah Carey. And what happens when you open iTunes in wirelessly internetted places like the National Library? That's right, some sch-

muck starts plundering your Elton John. Heck, I was sitting in a café quietly communing with the Baby Mac when a stranger asked if he could check out my music. Sure, he may have been mildly socially impaired, but I acquiesced nonetheless. It would seem that in terms of the content of our hard drives we're all sniffing each other's bums and sharing what we shouldn't, regardless of Kazaa or Napster or whatever.

And is this such a bad thing? There have been rumblings that it isn't music users who need to change, but the music industry. Indeed, now that we can all download all the Arrested Development we can chew from BitTorrent, popular culture is becoming a heck of a lot more popular. The question remains, will this cultural free-for-all destory, well, culture? I mean, email, Livejournal and I33t are already chewing the English language to pieces. What will happen when every dimwit with a pirated version of ProTools squishes together Barry White and Rolf Harris and declares themselves musical genius?

Quite frankly, I don't know. That much should be clear by now. And, what with this being the last issue, I would like us all to join in on a rousing chorus of 'What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor?' 'Cause the singalong is the best form of file sharing, and there ain't nothing the RIAA can do about it.

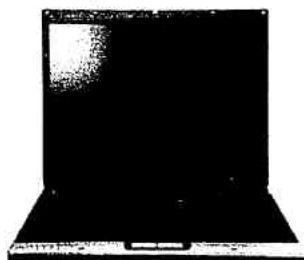
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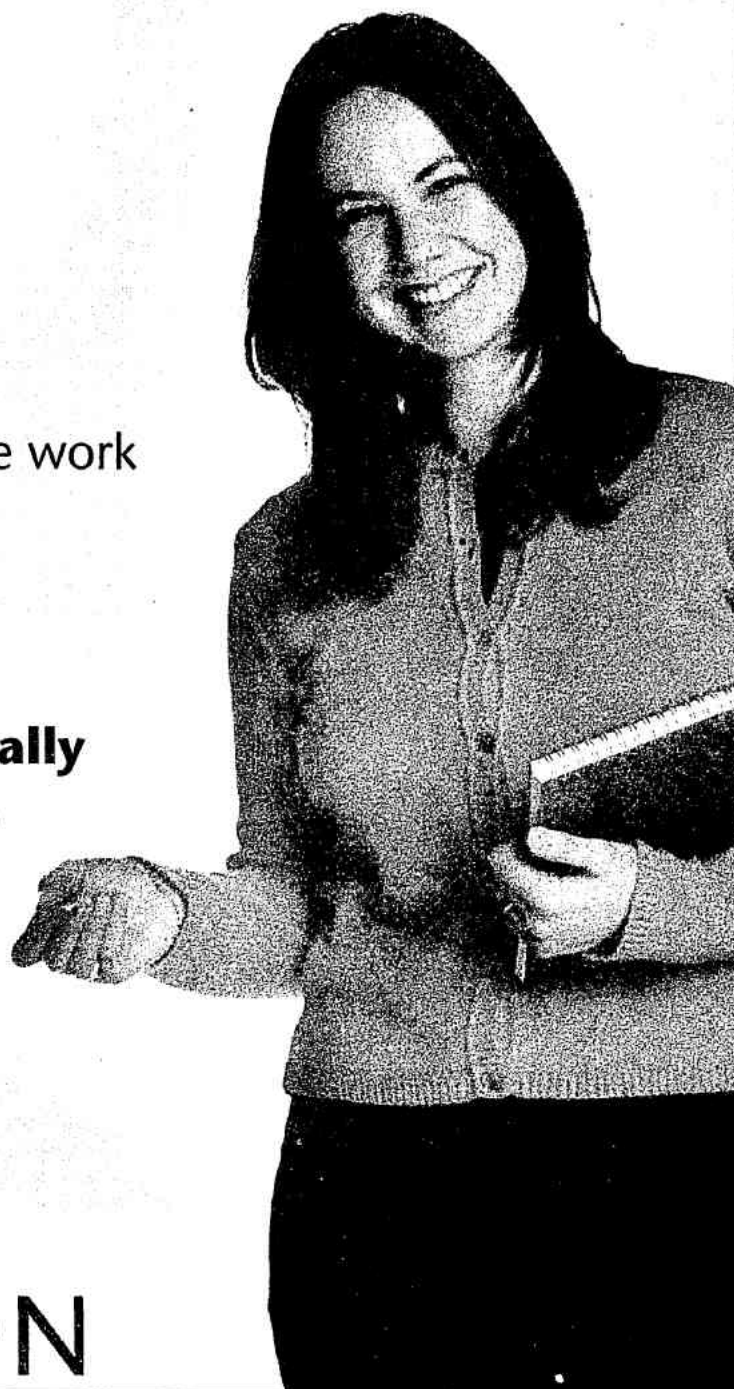
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# Plan and Piracy:

## A Response to Timothy Caddey

By Alexander Douglas

Timothy Caddey's "The Rumours of God's Death Have Been Greatly Exaggerated" seems to situate the debate he wants to open on fairly troubling waters. Tim, I know, genuinely has no interest in propagandising. What I fear he has done is inadvertently publish things that are not true.

Firstly, evolutionary theory does not begin and end with Darwin's theory. Debates on the question Tim thinks most important — the origins of life — occur within the scientific establishment; Intelligent Design (ID) theory has not added anything in this department. So far no answer to that question exercises a dogmatic hold on the scientific community. Evolutionary theory is about the development of life, not its origin; work today is being done on the origin of life, debates abound, and a broad variety of views are held. Very little is conclusively shown, but Intelligent Design theorists are deluding themselves if they think scientists have not recognised this without their help. Evidence about the development of life, however, is literally under our feet, and rather impossible to ignore without being blinded by devotion. The trick of Intelligent Design theorists is to confuse the question of the origin of life with questions of its development. Don't fall for it.

Tim's parallel between Intelligent Design theory and early modern science is superficial at best. First of all, the former does not say anything new. Bergson's *Creative Evolution* addressed exhaustively these kinds of philosophical questions about the origins of life, the motor driving the ontogeny of species, whether there is some kind of *élan vital* behind all of this. This was in the early twentieth century. Today, evolutionary science continues to gather new evidence, and make new discoveries. Several 'telling' gaps in the fossil record have now been filled. Certain biochemical morphogenetic processes within species are becoming better understood. Embryogenesis turns out to be more complex than we thought. Intelligent Design has yet to produce a piece of evidence which was not used by Henri Bergson in 1910 and rigorously debated it both within and

outside the scientific community. One notices the disproportionate progress on either side of the front. As Ilya Prigogine says, Bergson would undoubtedly rethink several of his theories, were he alive today. One only needs to remember his dedicated reengagement of his theory of time upon the announcement of Einstein's theory. In this sense (and this is just an ornamental barb), Intelligent Design theorists have no right to claim Bergson as an ancestor. If he were like them, he would have waited ten years, dragged out his same old theory of time, under a racy new title, against Einstein, painted himself as a revolutionary Copernicus and cried global conspiracy when nobody listened to him. Between Bergson and ID one can only say there has been a devolution. Perhaps this is by design, but one hesitates to call it intelligent as such. Minus Bergson, ID theorists have yet to produce their Galileo. (Galileo, Catholic and metaphysician, as Tim points out, was not always scientific in his methods. Often he was right because he had a strong intuitive sense and got lucky. But what does this prove? ID theorists should not be listened to purely on the grounds that they are counter-establishment mavericks any more than Galileo should have).

Intelligent Design, then, falls short of its self-characterisation as new and radical movement repressed by conservative *auctoritas*. It capitalises on a theocratic *zeitgeist*, not on failures in evolutionary theory. Evolutionary theory does not fail in its primary task—to explain the development of life. It fails to explain the origin, but it rarely tries. Areas of science which study far-from-equilibrium thermodynamic systems, so-called complexity theory, make some attempts this way, but that is very, very different to evolutionary theory. But even these border sciences remain sciences inasmuch as their terms do not exceed what is empirically observable.

The debate Tim would like to initiate is impossible. God's existence cannot be empirically confirmed or denied; it is a question of faith, and the question 'based on the empirical evidence, should I have faith?' is an impossible one.

*"Intelligent Design, then, falls short of its self-characterisation as new and radical movement repressed by conservative auctoritas. It capitalises on a theocratic zeitgeist, not on failures in evolutionary theory. Evolutionary theory does not fail in its primary task—to explain the development of life. It fails to explain the origin, but it rarely tries."*

I do not think Tim is right in intimating that there is any kind of incompatibility in our modern age between faith and Science. Many, many scientists are theistic to varying degrees; many have written books about the compatibility of science and God. Those books bore the hell out of me, but there they are. There are plenty of questions the old scholastics asked which Science does not answer: Why is there something rather than nothing? Are there moral laws beyond the laws of physics? Does man have a soul? Certain areas of Philosophy — mine, for instance — want to tear apart even this asylum for Theology. But between ID and Science there is a power struggle and not a debate: a debate is a series of concrete arguments about things clearly observed and accepted by both sides. The sciences debate, but are not interested in this power struggle, which goes beyond the empirical. We philosophers, on the other hand, are happily willing to enter this fray. Theists, no less than in Galileo's time, should take up their arms against the new philosophy, not the sciences. We are ready for them. A public dialogue? Anytime, kiddies, anytime.

As for everybody else: please, please try not to be taken in by ID theory. Please do whatever it takes to stop it being accepted into the Science curriculum of schools. Please read some of the well-written popular Science books on evolutionary theory and understand the evidence before making up your mind about what you believe. By all means read whatever ID theorists produce as well, but read Creative Evolution and compare. Read Genesis, too, and see if ID theorists are quite as scientific and unbiblical in their methodology as they claim. If you have a brave intellect, read the section of A Thousand Plateaus entitled "Becoming-Intense, Becoming-Animal, Becoming-Imperceptible." If you're interested in the speculation side of things, frankly 500 years of Western Philosophy has produced far better reads than anything you'll find in the 'New Age', 'Self Help', or 'Spirituality' section of Dymocks. But that confrontation is yet to be had. It will be had. Beware, pop Christian soldiers.

I forgot that this was supposed to be about pirates. Well,

Well, to be free is nothing other than to become genuinely and actively engaged with the world. One should not be afraid to imagine that we came from monkeys and before that from simple eukaryotes and perhaps even before that from brute, dumb matter organised into increasingly complex thermodynamic systems. There may well be tremendous freedom to be gained from realising we are not only in this world, but also of it. In the Timaeus, Plato rejects the theory that the universe could be a copy of a copy, a piracy of a piracy, as opposed to a copy of a genuine original design in the mind of God. He rejects it, as he admits, not on the evidence, but because it would be blasphemous not to. But if the whole world is a piracy of itself, an evolution which follows not a preordained plan but proceeds by incorrectly copying itself through slippages, mutations, bifurcations, symmetry-breaking events, morphogenesis, and transcodings, is not the incorrectness of this self-copying, this piracy, an ultimate liberation from the oppressive rigour of a design in the mind of God? Does this not liberate what Nietzsche calls the "innocence of becoming", such that, as A Thousand Plateaus puts it: "Becoming is a verb with a consistency all its own; it does not reduce to, or lead back to, 'appearing', 'being', 'equalling', or 'producing'. Doesn't the purging of all intelligence from the design of the universe, far from being a depressing blasphemy, give existence over to a newfound chance, exigency, and freedom, so that, as Jean-Luc Nancy says, "...experience is ... given over to the peril of its own lack of foundation and security in this 'object' of which it is not the subject but instead the passion, exposed like the pirate who freely tries his luck on the high seas." Nancy's pirate, Deleuze and Guattari's nomad warrior: all freely trying their luck, on the run from the totalitarian horror of an Intelligence which has designs on the freedom of the world.

# Tax Reform

By James Booth



Amid growing calls in the conservative press and political parties for a fresh round of hard-nosed economic reform, I feel duty bound to provide some friendly suggestions of my own. Because while slashing jobs and conditions are bound to be vote winners (particularly among the public service) there can never be enough de-regulation (or, for that matter, too few public servants).

So after being inspired by T3, I've come up with another aspect of our daily lives we can privatise in the name of efficiency; the taxation system.

Like most good ideas in politics nowadays, this one is borrowed; this time from ancient Rome. After all, why settle for the 1950s or 1890s? If we want to time travel, let's get serious. And before you choke on your Weet-Bix, let me remind you that this is not the first era in history to worship efficiency. Indeed, I would argue that as a concept it is timeless; after all, what other positive objectives could you want to apply to public policy?

Now, before the bleeding hearts bemoan the short term adjustment costs bound to follow any inevitable structural reform, I would ask them to think of all those unemployed who would jump at the chance to be taxed arbitrarily and without representation by savvy commercialists. So with that in mind, let's look at some of the gains in productivity to be made from this proposal.

First up, red tape. We can reduce thousands of pages of complicated income tax legislation to one simple sentence: "The firm that can extract the most taxation from its contracted jurisdiction keeps the most profit."

Secondly, efficiency through competitiveness. On a level playing field, with all tax collectors striving for profit, the collection system would be liberated to shed any workers not giving value for money. The myriad of regulations, sanctions, lawyers and bureaucrats could be replaced with a streamlined force of hired thugs. Any structural casualties could then seek re-employment in the jobs sure to come from increased growth in the economy; like shoe-shiners for the new class of tax farmers. Firms would have incentives to provide on-the-job training programs, such as lessons in 'collection/thuggery', to up-skill workers and broaden the skills base.

This really is a win-win proposal. The community wins from more jobs, higher wages and a stronger economy. The government wins, because they receive more taxation revenue more efficiently, thus improving their record as the highest taxing government in Australia's history. This in turn can go towards funding election war chests and crucial social programs, like middle class welfare.

I urge policy makers to consider this proposal for the de-regulation of a sluggish, bloated system as a crucial front in the fight to lock in our prosperity.

By the way, if any lefties (if they're still out there) dare to imply that individual bosses can't be trusted to have their workers' interests at heart when taxing them, be sure to pre-emptively accuse them of class warfare.



# Can We Beat VSU?

By James Higgins, incoming ANUSA Education Officer

## Defeating the Liberals, the Labor party and Barnaby Joyce

The simple answer is yes. The more complex answer is yes, but only if enough of us want to stop it and are prepared to fight to stop it.

The campaign this year, while not without its flaws, has been good. Although protesters in Sydney on April 28 were greeted with the inane chant "July 1, July 1" by Liberal supporters, as I write this in September, VSU has not been passed in any form. This begs the question, why haven't the Liberals passed something they were so keen on?

Some of you might think there is one reason they haven't done this: Barnaby Joyce. I personally think that is a stupid reason. Here were two possible scenarios, and I'll let you decide which is more believable:

a) Barnaby Joyce woke up with the thought, "I know, VSU is wrong"

b) Barnaby Joyce realised that students across the country are angry and prepared to fight against VSU, and that changing his mind is a good way of stopping those students being angry at him.

If you don't buy the story about Barnaby's epiphany, then it's not a big step to realise that the VSU campaign is not yet over, and that next year, the STOP VSU campaign must continue.

We can stop VSU. But if we're going to, we need to believe in our ability to fight VSU and win ourselves. The Liberals have shown they have an "ideological" commitment to VSU; the Labor party have made a "pragmatic" (read: spineless) compromise and have promised they won't repeal any VSU legislation that gets passed; and Barnaby, well, he could have an un-epiphany, or change his mind if the pressure disappears.

To keep the pressure up we need to maintain a sustained campaign. This means it's not enough to hate VSU: we need to hate VSU together; loudly, publicly and often. This means organising speak-outs, stunts, marches and so forth. This means talking to your friends not just about why they should hate VSU, but also why they should do something about it. This means you getting involved in the Education Department (which, at the moment, everyone is a member of). And if they pass the legislation, this means voluntarily joining ANUSA, and fighting to have the legislation repealed.

So, to return to the question I started with: can we beat VSU? Yes, but only if students put up a fight and believe that we can fight and win.

The Education Collective meets @ 1pm in the Students' Association 6125 0710 [sa.education@anu.edu.au](mailto:sa.education@anu.edu.au)

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Matt and James  
*Editors Elect*

# Elected Representatives' Meeting Attendance

By Alex Purdon, ANUSA General Secretary

Meetings are one of the few constants in student politics. All ANUSA elected representatives are required to attend meetings, the number of meetings depending on the position each elected representative holds. For some positions, such as General Representatives, meetings are the only constitutional obligation of the position. So have a look at the attendance rates of representatives in 2005.

Some elected representatives have taken their responsibilities very seriously. And some haven't. Unfortunately, a list like this can't distinguish between people who are absent for very genuine reasons and others who are just plain slack. Many elected representatives are busy with other commitments that benefit students, and a few had some serious health problems. So don't judge peoples' performance solely by their attendance.

Name	Position	Meetings required to attend	Absence (total)	Absence without apologies
A Rao	President	25	0	0
R Zanetti	Vice President	25	3	0
A Purdon	Gen Sec	25	1	0
R Allen	Treasurer	18	1	0
T Mayfield	Social Officer	18	5	0
ML Crespo	Sexuality Officer	18	2	0
K Paterson	Women's Officer	18	1	0
J He	Education Officer	13	8	5
L Crossman	Education Officer	11	6	0
J Hay	Environment Officer	18	2	1
C Easter	Indigenous Officer	8	1	0
T Warner/ C Whitman	Disabilities Co-Officers	8	0	0
N Bashnin/ S Ong	ISSANU President	18	6	3
C Persing/ L Stackpool	Woroni Co-Editors	10	1	0
J Kassimatis/ E O'Brien	FASA Co-Presidents	25	13	5
L Clarke	Gen Rep	18	7	0
S Kandola	Gen Rep	18	0	0
T Roth	Gen Rep	18	8	0
A Kwok	Gen Rep	18	8	2
Q Wang	Gen Rep	18	8	3
N Cripps	Gen Rep	18	9	1
K Smith	Gen Rep	18	1	0
J Forde	Gen Rep	18	7	0
R Cole	Gen Rep	18	6	2
R Thornberry	Gen Rep	18	4	0
L Li	Gen Rep	18	11	2
I Chatterjee	Gen Rep	18	12	1
S Blix	Gen Rep	18	5	1
T Halligan	Gen Rep	18	7	1
C Winnett	Fac Rep: Arts	17	3	0
F Naismith	Fac Rep: Arts	17	6	0
J Rayner	Fac Rep: Asian Studies	17	8	0
L Yong	Fac Rep: Asian Studies	17	11	3
E Hay	Fac Rep: Eco/Com	17	1	0
M Fung	Fac Rep: Eco/Com	17	7	1
A Sanderson	Fac Rep: FEIT	17	8	2
N Goel	Fac Rep: FEIT	15	12	1
B Sakker-Kelly	Fac Rep: Law	17	7	0
A Alford	Fac Rep: Law	17	7	0
K Johnston	Fac Rep: Science	17	2	0
R Blakers	Fac Rep: Science	17	8	0

If you're wondering why some elected representatives have been absent without apologies for more than 2 meetings and have not been removed from officer under s10.4.6, there are 2 reasons. In the case of ISSANU and FASA, it is because these organizations are autonomous, so the ANUSA Constitution cannot proscribe the removal of their officers. In the case of elected representatives, it is because the s10.4.6 change did not come into effect until April.

## President's Report (in 701 Words)

By Aparna Rao

What can I write in 700 words to summarise this year, as president and on behalf of ANUSA?

I could describe the campaign against VSU: raising awareness and striving to protect the foundations of this association. Or the Student Survival Guide, revived after 10 years and hugely successful according to students and staff alike. There's the revised Hall tariffs we fought for, the 2006 residential guarantee we secured, and the City West construction we continue to scrutinise. ANUSA has created representation for indigenous students and students with disabilities. We've purchased new equipment for Clubs and Societies and we're rewriting C&S policies and procedures. And the website looks completely different.

We have assisted many appeals; and we're rewriting University policies on academic progress in particular. I won't even start on the committees we've been on! Suffice to say that the University values our representation, and students continue to have a say in the structural changes and decisions of the ANU.

I could describe what I wish we'd managed to achieve, like getting an assurance that HECS won't be raised in 2007. We'll make a submission to University Council explaining why ANUSA opposes HECS increases. But although the ANU has held out so long, it may be that finances will trump everything else in the end.

ANUSA isn't perfect – from my desk for hours every day (someone once described me as a 'fixture'!) I've seen the flaws of a students' association. I know them very well, certainly better than the media, VSU proponents and people who complain about us over a coffee or in the bar. I know only a percentage of students have enough time to get involved in representation. That we make mistakes, that some of us do more work than others, that tough decisions have to be made. The people who complain about ANUSA simply for the sake of complaining shouldn't make the mistake of thinking we aren't aware of these things. On the contrary, my job requires me to realise these flaws and to try and fix them, and to take responsibility for tough decisions.

*"I think ANUSA has a genuine and constructive role to play here. We can give criticism where the University needs to improve, and we can give support where it excels already."*

Those who try to find conspiracies and ulterior motives in the work of any office-bearer can always concoct something. The truth, however, is that I undertook this role in order to represent students. In a year where student unions have been subject to more scrutiny than ever before, I have made it my priority to be honest, hardworking and answerable to everyone as president. Whether I have succeeded in my aims, in responding to criticism, addressing some of ANUSA's flaws and using its advantages well, will be decided by results and by the opinions of those working with me – students and the University. And after all, I'm only one president, and my work is limited.

The real focus is the future of higher education – in Australia and, increasingly, worldwide – and the role students make for themselves in it. I have said before that the ANU is unique. This is an insight I've gained as a student who is proud of our success and wants to fix some of the less admirable aspects.

To achieve a substantive number one ranking, the University needs to give each student an understanding of its pursuit of excellence and learning, and foster a realisation that ANU's interests and students' interests have a fair bit of common ground. As president I see much of this common ground; the challenge is to show all undergraduates the commitment the ANU has to student interests.

I think ANUSA has a genuine and constructive role to play here. We can give criticism where the University needs to improve, and we can give support where it excels already. We act as quality control in the interests of ANU students – ideally this means that we also act in the ANU's interests. While we'll have confrontations with the Administration, this shouldn't undermine our commitment to work towards a University that is successful for all of us.

That's my piece in approximately 700 words. If I could describe my experience at ANUSA in one word, I would say it has been unique. Best of luck to everyone next year!

# Ad Deconstruction

By Rachael Kendrick



Ads work by making us feel inferior or incomplete. It's a simple notion but one that bears repeating. Ads work because they hope to make us feel like we need something to make our lives better. So when I flick through my favourite (or 'fave' in lady mag vernacular) piece of glossy brain candy, 'Frankie' magazine, I do it with suspicion. What are these ads trying to tell me? What do they want me to think about myself? The thing is, pretty much every ad in this month's issue is devoid of any real content. Most of them don't even tell you what it is they're trying to sell. Is it shoes? Sunglasses? Handbags? Contact lenses? The same boney, sloe-eyed girl gazing listlessly from each page? Ultimately, it doesn't matter, because when it comes down to it, it's not clothes they're trying to sell, it's an image, an idea that we're meant to desire. They're trying to sell us cool. The problem is, no one can quite agree what cool is, and I'd like to think most people don't really buy the warmed-over, predigested version of cool peddled by advertisers. Then I make the mistake of going into the Mooseheads/Shooters/Quatro precinct of a Saturday night and realise, oh dear, some people really do read these things quite literally.

Which is why I find this two page ad for Insight so interesting. It seems to work against the current cool grain, favouring a chilly monotone over the frenetic Napoleon Dynamite colours everyone else is so excited about. I'm sure the model would have a healthy tone, but as it is she looks pale and uninterested. 'Kill the boredom,' the cool sans serif copy urges. Hardly. If that chick were any more bored she'd probably fall off the washing machine she's so carelessly perched on into the pile of androgynous, comatose party people undoubtedly crashed out at her feet.

This strikes me as something of a throwback. I mean, heroin chic, anyone? I half expect a needle sticking out of this girl's arm or a rolled up tissue hanging out of her blow-rotten nose. Are we really supposed to want to be like her? Apparently we do, because the folks at Insight aren't giving us anything else to go on, aside from some sequins scattered ever so carelessly across the page. The copy 'kill the boredom' seems almost meaningless next to her slumped posture and glassy eyes. Does this mean the average purchaser of lace tights and (suspiciously clean) Converse want to be so fucking above it all they can't even sit upright when someone takes their picture?

Quite frankly, I'm leery of anyone who thinks being bored with the world around them is a sign of how cool they are. The advertising schlubs for Insight clearly belong to this school of thought, and I really do hope their sales plummet. In the advertising world, cool equals an almost zen-like ability to not care about anything; instead of desiring we're meant to turn ourselves into objects of desire, and, what with this being the last of these musings on the art of spin, I would like to tell advertisers to go fuck themselves. Give the girl a meal, tell her a joke, get her to crack a smile. If cool means not caring I'd rather be happy, needy and daggy in my day-glo happy pants and technicolour t-shirts. At least it gives us some indication of what you're trying to sell in the future. Gosh.

# Gig Guide

## October

- 20.10.05: Drag + Tokenview + Nevereleven @ Green Room
- 21.10.05: Ben Lee + Jen Cloher and The Endless Sea + Treetops @ ANU  
Dappled Cities Fly + Starky @ Green Room  
Genesis @ Red Gecko  
Brisk @ Garema Place  
Foam Party @ Academy
- 22.10.05: The Herd + Roshambo + D'Opus @ ANU  
Exodus @ Red Gecko
- 28.10.05: Stonefest @ UC  
Brisk + Horsell Common + Moments @ Green Room
- 29.10.05: Stonefest @ UC  
Genesis + Merx @ Red Gecko

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30	31						

## November

- 04.11.05: Pete Murray and The Stonemasons + Carus @ ANU
- 05.11.05: No Use For A Name + Switch 3 @ ANU
- 06.11.05: The Cat Empire + King Curly @ ANU
- 12.11.05: Little Birdy @ ANU
- 18.11.05: DJ Archie @ Academy
- 24.11.05: Wolfmother + The Mess Hall @ ANU

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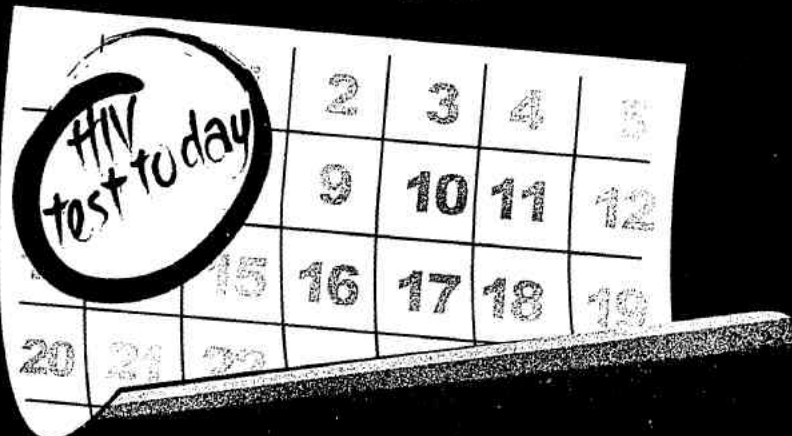
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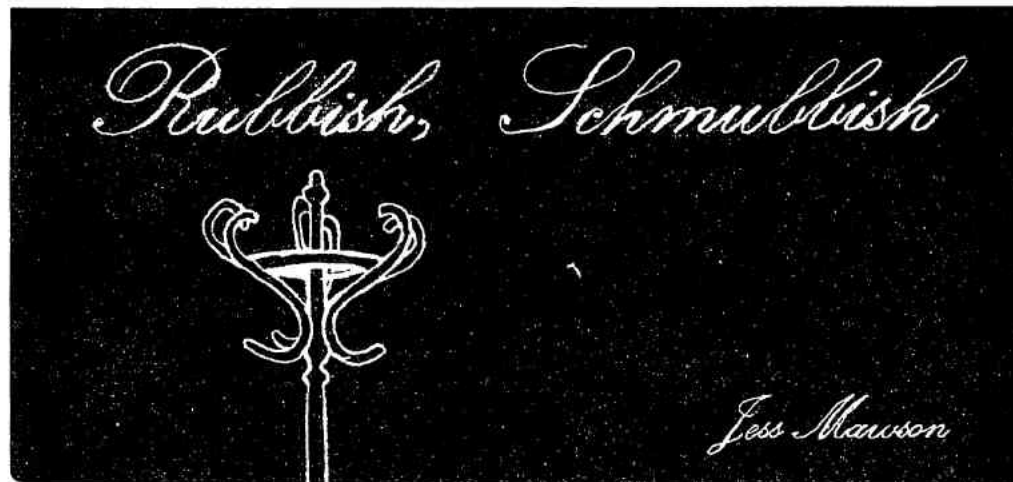


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# Mag Page



THE DAY HAD COME. FOR MOST I IMAGINE, AN ORDINARY, RUN-OF-THE-MILL, STOCK-STANDARD TUESDAY IN MARCH. AND YET FOR OTHERS – NAMELY DIRT-POOR STUDENT-TYPES LIVING IN RENTAL HOUSES WITH NOT MUCH FURNITURE (OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...ER... ME) – A MUCH-ANTICIPATED CALENDAR EVENT HAD FINALLY ARRIVED. OH JOY OF JOYS! HARD RUBBISH DAY.

Hard/Green Rubbish Day – the opportunity for urban dwellers to discard their unwanted furniture, whitegoods, garden waste and more out into the street for council collection – rolls around only once or sometimes twice a year (depending on precisely where you live) and so the proper preparation is of course crucial. There may not be another chance. Bearing this in mind, my housemate and I had a plan. Official collection time was set for Tuesday morning. This is when the vicious competition between the sparsely-furnished rental house dwellers would begin in earnest. They would be out there. We knew it. So alluring is the magical potential of Hard Rubbish Day that it wields the power to draw hundreds of twenty-somethings out of bed before sunrise, have them up, showered, dressed, fed, and prowling the streets of suburbia by 6am. No skull-ringing hangover, no all-night cramming session, and no early-morning television will keep them from answering the sacred call of 'STUFF FOR FREE!' Our plan was to beat them to it.

And so, at a quarter to midnight on a Monday in March, we hopped into Jane's little champagne Holden Apollo (note: 'Champagne.' Not to be confused with GREY), and set forth into the wild blue yonder of North Carlton. A strangely illicit tingle of excitement came over me as I foraged through people's surplus material goods discarded in piles on the footpath. We had a system. No mucking about: I was the 'the scrounger' – my official title –

while Jane was ready at the wheel of the Champagne Apollo should any other traffic want to make use of the road that we blocked while I held laundry baskets and candelabras up into the glow of the headlights waiting for the 'yay' or 'nay' signal from within. It was probably the get-away car situation that made me feel like I was doing something slightly illegal. Add to that the fact that it was late, dark, and there were apparently some dutiful guard-dogs in the North Carlton area who hadn't received the council memo regarding hard rubbish collection.

Now I must pause here and admit that I do harbour – perhaps even a little more than your average dirt-poor student-type – a certain unquenchable lust for the attainment of free (or nearly-free) stuff. I am a seasoned op-shop aficionado, and I can't help but love a pair of jeans just that little bit more with the knowledge they cost me only \$3. I relish the opportunity to trawl through countless stalls of junk at the Camberwell market in search of the 'bargain' that will make it all worthwhile. It would become clear quite quickly though, that my housemate and fellow crusaders on this particular expedition did not share a similar bargain-hunting compulsion.

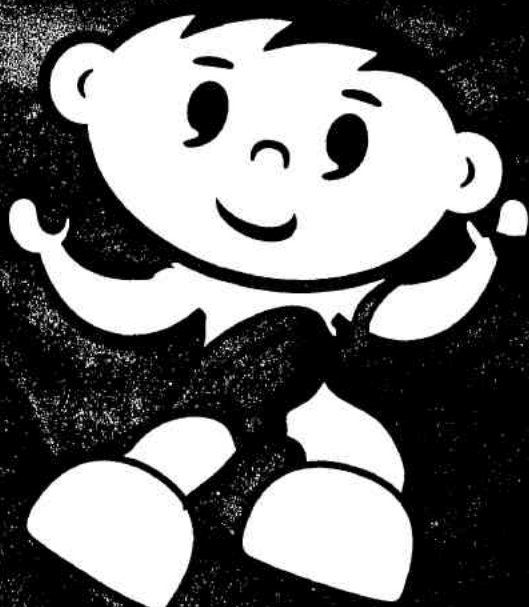
"No, Jess."  
"Why?"  
"We don't need it."  
"WHAT!??? It's great! Wait till you can see it under the light!"  
"Jess, I can see mould on it."  
"Where?"  
"There."  
"WHERE?? Oh. No, that's just dirt... I think. Wait till we get it home!"  
The navy-blue almost-almost-new deck chair was eventually jammed into the far-too-small boot next to a pair of ski poles and a maybe-working (?) lava lamp on the condition that it would be left outside our own house for collection by some other

dirt-poor student-type should the existence of mould be verified.

This leads me to the point that when it comes to hard rubbish day and related matters (read garage sales, auctions, markets, and perhaps even in our modern world, ebay), there are two very distinct types of people. In the end, like most things, it has to come down to either nature or nurture I guess, and as I did not endure an impoverished childhood, I'm blaming genetics for my own personal junk-acquisition habit. I hold strong memories of the day my Dad came home towing twenty doors in the back of the trailer. The twenty doors were half (the first load) of the forty doors he'd acquired from a high school site being closed down in our town during the Kennett cutback years. The buildings had been gutted by the council, and amongst the forty doors which had 'come as a set' at the auction, there was one that my Dad had thought my Mum might like for the guest-room extension we were making to our house at the time. The running joke back then was that we should dispense with walls and ceiling and build the entire extension out of doors from Dad's bulk-buy bargain.

I understand my father's predicament though; indeed it is a problem that we of the junk-accumulating persuasion must battle with on a daily basis: The overwhelming desire for things that we don't really need – or perhaps even want – merely because they are free. It is a puzzle that can be illustrated by The Hat Stand Incident. Out jogging on the morning after the night before, the official time for hard rubbish collection, a truly beautiful sight caught my eye. There, perched gracefully on the adjacent footpath, radiant in the early-morning light, was a large timber hat stand. I had only just started out on my run, so I elected to pick up the hard rubbish prize on my way back. But alas! She

Appears in *Crossfire* (from Deakin University), Issue 5, 2005.



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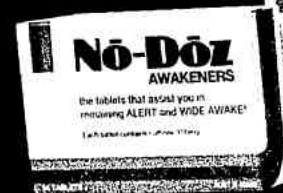


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